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PAUL REVERE

On, on the good horse galloped, his rider shouting his message as he went.

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PAUL REVERE

THE TORCH BEARER OF THE REVOLUTION

BY

BELLE MOSES

AUTHOR OF "LOUISA M. ALCOTT," "LEWIS CARROLL,"
"CHARLES DICKENS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

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TO
THE BOY SCOUTS
OF
AMERICA

FOREWORD

It has been wisely said that Time must lay a finger on events to make them into history. The further away we stand from certain pictures, the more distinct they appear. The events we read of in today's newspaper are not history, but twenty years, or fifty, or a century hence, our descendants will pore over the musty, dusty files, and history will be born.

Paul Revere never imagined that he was living in an epoch-making period; yet the story of his eventful life holds a fascination of its own, appealing strongly to the interest of readers, old and young. He stood for so much in the history of our country in those stirring Revolutionary times, that we cannot lightly pass over the many services he rendered to the cause of Liberty.

With the heart of a boy and the soul of a patriot, Paul Revere's watchword in those dark days was: "Prepare! Look to your arms and your ammunition, gather your stores and provisions; set your houses in order for the enemy is upon you!" And he mounted his big gray horse and carried the message like those swift runners in the Scottish hills —

who bore the flaming torch, that fiery call to arms, from clan to clan.

Yet this was but one side of his character. He had wit, sagacity, courage and loyalty to overbalance his rash spirit and somewhat fiery temper. Added to which he was a mechanical genius rarely to be found in those times and rare enough even in these more modern days.

Above all, he was a man of the People, that great body of men who — then as now — formed the backbone of this nation. Through his long and useful life he never forgot this fact, and though his family in past generations could show a coat-of-arms, a seal and crest and other insignia of gentle birth, Paul Revere was content to be known as a Master Mechanic, a Citizen of Boston, and a true Son of Liberty.

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I

HOW THE REVERES CAME TO BOSTON

I

HOW THE REVERES CAME TO BOSTON

IN those stormy days in France during the reign of Henry III, his ruthless mother, Catharine de Medici, who held the reins of government for her weak son, hounded out of the kingdom a band of heroic men and women known as the Huguenots, who took refuge in the unknown wilderness called America. Among these fugitives were the Rivoires, driven from their country by religious persecution in 1685. They had no more idea that they were making history than did Paul Revere ninety years afterwards, when he took that midnight ride through the Middlesex country.

These poor Huguenot Rivoires thought only of getting out of turbulent France in time to save their heads. They scattered, with other fugitives, into many countries. England and Holland sheltered some of them, and Simon de Rivoire settled on the Island of Guernsey in the English Channel, having

taken care, in his flight, to preserve the family arms and crest in a seal.

His brother Isaac stayed on in some remote part of France, being a married man with a family of several children. One of these, Apollos de Rivoire, born 1702, was sent at an early age — he was just thirteen — to his Uncle Simon at Guernsey, but very soon after his arrival his uncle sent him to Boston in America, and as he was old enough to learn a trade, the boy was apprenticed to a goldsmith. His master died before he had served the required number of years, but as the lad was nearly twenty at the time there is every reason to suppose that he was an able craftsman.

After a visit to his relatives in Guernsey, he decided to make his home in Boston, and the very first thing he did was to turn his French name into one that could be more readily pronounced by the English tongue; so Monsieur Apollos de Rivoire became simply Mr. Paul Revere.

As soon as he had taken up the business of gold and silversmith, he married Miss Deborah Hitchborn, in 1729, and the third of his twelve children was the Paul Revere we know in history, born on

January 1, 1735, though the older records say December 21, 1734.

At any rate he came into the world a well-born, well-provisioned little boy whose lusty growth gave promise of strength and endurance — a little boy who had a good will of his own from the very first, as well as an artistic gift inherited from his father.

The Revere household differed in many ways from the Puritan households in Old Boston. The Huguenots came of a happier race than the stern Pilgrim Fathers. Their French blood flowed more quickly in their veins; they were light-hearted and cheerful, and it is to be supposed that childhood was not the stunted thing in Paul Revere's home that it was in the homes of some of his austere neighbors. Nevertheless the elder Revere had strong religious ideas — it was for that, indeed, that his kindred had been driven out of France — but the God he worshiped was not the jealous terrible God of the Puritans, whose awful presence dominated home and church and school; though doubtless little Paul had reason to tremble on his school bench along with the browbeaten Janes and Jerushas, Williams and Charleses of his day. The Huguenots believed in

mirth and good living, and the Puritans seldom smiled. The grammar school which Paul attended was kept by Master John Tileston, a schoolmaster in Boston for eighty years, and famed more especially for his teaching of penmanship.

The colonial schools in New England were pretty much alike — a big bare room with a stove in the middle, the teacher's high desk at one end, and the seats — low benches the length and thickness of a plank of wood — ranged round the room. The building was usually of logs and stood on blocks about two and a half feet from the ground, the space underneath forming a convenient rendezvous for hogs and poultry. Probably in well-to-do Boston the accommodations were a little better, but luxury or even comfort was the last thing considered in the New England schools. In many of them there were no glass window-panes, paper being used instead, and this was greased with lard to make it transparent. One cannot help wondering what would have happened had the big stove given out enough heat to sizzle the grease on the windows; the ambitious colonial children would have felt like prisoners in a frying pan.

These schools had neither blackboards nor maps, though some of the better class occasionally boasted a globe. Slates were not used in Paul Revere's day; even the smallest children wrote with pen and ink. The pens were goose quills, and the teacher was obliged to mend them constantly. The ink was homemade; the writing paper at best was very rough and dark, and so expensive that the poorer children wrote and ciphered on birch bark. In preparing for writing the children ruled the paper themselves, with lead plummets, for there were no lead pencils at that period. These plummets were merely pieces of sheet lead, and sometimes the lead was melted, run into a wooden mold, and later smoothed out with a jackknife. The favorite shape was a tomahawk, for menacing Indians suggested these dreadful weapons. Paul Revere, no doubt, early showed signs of talent for drawing, managing his ruler and plummet, his pen and ink, with a skill worthy of his father's son; but unfortunately there is little record of those early days.

In the schools were enacted many of the tragedies of childhood, for the punishments for the most trivial offense were bestowed with inconceivable

cruelty upon the small offenders. The ferule was in constant use — and the whipping post was sometimes set up in the middle of the schoolroom for greater convenience. It was easier to tie a boy there and flog him than to lay him across the knee — and one could strike harder, besides.

History does not record this part of Paul Revere's education. Doubtless he was no better nor worse than other boys and took his chances with the rest. Let us imagine, too, that he learned his catechism with the others, a gloomy catechism that told of hell and damnation and the terrible punishments meted out to the wrongdoer, compared with which the ferule and the birch switch were mere playthings.

However, the sturdy youngster survived the tortures of the schoolroom. Probably had he been questioned as to his school experiences he would have answered as the Frenchman did when asked how he spent his days during the terrors of the Revolution. "I lived," was the reply; and young Paul not only lived but throve.

His boyhood was a stirring period in history. Little by little King George was putting the colonists

under his heel. In the mother country the Americans were looked upon as little better than slaves or convicts, for though reports of their prosperity and their industry had gone across the water, the majority of English people could not picture America as other than a wilderness. The idea of Boston as a thriving city never entered their minds, and that they had to deal with men of determination, brains, and brawn was the very last thing they imagined. Naturally, the discontent among the colonists spread to their children, and crept in at the school door.

Among the schoolboys, party feeling ran high. Just as in politics to-day a young son naturally takes the side of his father, so in those days which heralded the Revolution the Whig and Tory boys took sides with their fathers and used their fists in many a battle.

There is no doubt that Paul Revere was among the fighters, for the man we know and love to read about had a fiery temper which was always getting him into trouble. Still, when Paul left school and entered his father's service the people were loyal to King George, though there were mutterings

now and then when the provincial governor overstepped his rights supported by the authority of the King.

At home the thrifty goldsmith prospered at his trade; his shop and living rooms were under the same roof and many beautiful and artistic things were fashioned by his skillful hands. When Paul left school he was taken into his father's shop; very soon his own skillful hands found out the secret of the art and his beautiful tankards, spoons, cups, and ewers are treasured in the old Boston families. His engravings on silver were very beautiful and soon after he taught himself to engrave on copperplate. As he grew older and began to take notice of the happenings around him, he used this knowledge for the portraying of many clever caricatures of scenes connected with the Revolution. While such men as Hancock, Adams, Patrick Henry, and Thomas Jefferson roused the Colonies, Paul Revere who had no gift of speech or power of writing stamped each memorable event with his graver and his copperplates.

But a boy of Old Boston did not stick forever at his trade. Paul Revere at sixteen, broad-shouldered

and athletic excelled in all sports; he could run and leap, he could skate and he could ride; a horse was his friend and many a journey he took upon horseback to the neighboring towns of Concord and Lexington. In company with his friends, he tramped through the woods sometimes to gather flowers, sometimes in the nutting season when the dried twigs crackled under their heels, always with a gun and a watchful eye on the alert for every shadow, for although the neighboring Indians were seemingly friendly, they were treacherous by nature and the New England boy at an early age learned the use of firearms.

Another inseparable companion was the jackknife and doubtless Paul Revere whittled wonderful things with his clever hands, things which have not been handed down to us because, in the stirring life he led, this minor accomplishment played no part. Daniel Webster once said that a New England boy's whittling was his alphabet of mechanics. Paul Revere was above all other things a born mechanic, and the jackknife certainly played its part in giving to this colonial boy "a growing knowledge of material things" that nothing save ruminative whittling

Take three-fourths of a Paine that makes Traitors confess [three-fourths of *Rack* being *Rac*]
With three parts of a place which the Wicked don't Bless [three parts of Hell — Hel]
Joyne four-sevenths of an Exercise which Shop-keepers use [four-sevenths of Walking — Walk]
Add what Bad Men do, when they good actions refuse [Er(r)]
These four added together with care and Art
Will point out (direct to) the Fair One that is nearest my Heart.

The four parts added together make *Rachel Walker,* who we hope appreciated the pretty compliment and forgave the bad verse.

Now during the sixteen years which carried this young man of twenty-two to the maturity of thirty-eight, much had happened. We will not go into dry history, for everybody knows about the Stamp Act of 1765 which first aroused the suspicions of the community. Such a stampede was created by it and the agents who tried to enforce the law were so badly handled that the following year Parliament was forced to repeal the Act. But George III was so incensed with his rebellious subjects that he gladly sanctioned another Act which imposed a tax on paper, painters' colors, glass, and tea.

This was the far-off rumble effigy was st volution, though only one man looked further than the moment. The colonists were loyal and had no wish to break with the mother country, yet they would not be treated like unreasoning children, and they determined, after enthusiastic meetings in Philadelphia, Boston and New York, not to import the articles taxed.

The man who, through all the upheaval and excitement, predicted separation from the mother country and a hard fight for liberty was Samuel Adams, who flung himself heart and soul into the quarrel, and he and John Hancock became leaders of a determined band.

To these men Paul Revere attached himself with the ardor of a schoolboy. He could not harangue the excited crowds as they did, but he could engrave clever caricatures showing the tyranny of England, and scatter them broadcast; and he could carry secret dispatches in a way no one could suspect; and what could not be written for fear of discovery could be trusted verbally to a man of such sound sense and good memory, so swift and sure, and withal so honest.

three-fourths of a
Meanwhile, the other side of Paul Revere, the practical side, was busy "feathering the nest" for his large family. As early as 1765 he had made a business of engraving on copper-plate, his first attempt being a series of "Psalm Tunes" put to music by Josiah Flagg, engraved and illustrated by himself. Being an artist of no small merit he has left behind him an amazing number of views and caricatures, the latter all bearing on the unquiet times, putting a sort of grim humor into the situations.

No movement of the British Parliament nor the colonial government was lost upon this wide-awake Paul Revere; all that could be done through his art to incite the people to a just wrath was done by this clever draughtsman. He even wrote the rimes which accompanied most of these caricatures; not always good poetry, perhaps, but always to the point. The hateful Stamp Act called for one, of course. It represented England in a dragon's guise, attacked by Boston with a drawn sword; the other colonies stand around, waiting for the issue, while from a bough of the Liberty Tree hangs the officer of the Crown whose duty it was to distribute the stamps.

The real officer was not hung, of course, but to

the delight of the crowd his effigy was strung up there. The repeal of the Stamp Act was celebrated in 1766 with great pomp. Paul Revere designed an obelisk which was set up on Boston Common and which later was to be placed under the Liberty Tree, but unfortunately during the jubilee the obelisk caught fire and was destroyed.

The making of bookplates also became a part of Paul Revere's trade and there are many specimens of this line of work in delicate and beautiful designs. Indeed, had he lived in less troublous times, there is no telling to what heights his genius might have soared.

One must also reflect that though living was cheaper in those days, to provide for so large a family as his needed constant effort, and Paul Revere whose skillful hands could turn to anything, even practiced dentistry at odd times. No doubt the young Reveres provided him with enough experience to keep his hand in.

The *Boston Gazette* of September 19, 1768, contains the following amusing advertisement:

"*Whereas,* many Persons are so unfortunate as to lose their Fore-Teeth by Accident and otherways,

to their great Detriment, not only in looks but speaking both in Public and Private: This is to inform all such that they may have them re-placed with artificial Ones, that look as well as the Natural and answers the end of speaking to all Intents, by *Paul Revere,* Goldsmith, near the head of Dr. Clarke's Wharf, Boston."

Two years later he again advertised his dental work by the use of enormous headlines in the *Gazette,* and a little card of thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who had employed him in times past, with a gentle reminder that he was still to be found at the old stand, or would be willing to go to people's houses if they wished; and that the goldsmith's and silversmith's business was still "carried on in all its Branches."

Curiously enough, it appears that Paul Revere's dentistry proved the means of identifying the body of General Joseph Warren who was killed in the battle of Bunker Hill. All the dead had been hastily buried after the battle, just where they fell; but when the British evacuated Boston in 1776, the two brothers and the physician of General Warren wished to remove him from his unmarked grave and

give him a suitable funeral in Boston. Identification would have been impossible had not Paul Revere remembered that he had made an artificial tooth for the General, and he was able to recognize the wire with which he had fastened it.

After his second marriage, the state of upheaval in the colonies demanded more active service. His clever cartoons attracted the notice of such men as Warren, Hancock, Adams and Quincy; it became their habit to send for him when matters of moment were discussed; for he had a clear head and sound judgment, and, belonging as he did to the great body of mechanics and traders, he could best gauge the temper of the people.

After all, it is the revolt of the people which causes a revolution, and these honest folk, these colonists of America, were sorely hindered in their efforts to earn bread for their wives and little ones. They willingly gave their strength to the cause of independence, training and drilling in secret in order to be ready for the mighty day of open rebellion. Paul Revere was not fighting for bread — there was always enough and to spare in the Revere household — but he had all the enthusiasm of youth as he flung

himself into the thick of it, and without a doubt the little Reveres must have lived in a continual state of wonder as to what Father would do next.

As for the new wife, she fell into her place quite naturally, always ready, whatever happened, a helpful partner and a real mother to the half-dozen ready-made children; and she generously added eight more little Reveres to the family group, so we can see it was no easy matter for Paul Revere to leave his large family and take those long and dangerous rides for the Committee of Safety which could trust no other man to do it half as well.

The children grew accustomed to bidding their father a hasty farewell, but only the brave wife knew the danger of those long rides to New York or Philadelphia. Hidden foes might leap from any thicket, and there were always menacing tribes of savages for which to keep a sharp lookout. There was fear, too, of his arrest as a disturber of peace, and in the early days, before the Revolution, his capture and imprisonment would seriously have retarded the preparations for resistance. But Paul Revere bore a charmed life. Utterly without fear, he did the duty assigned to him quickly and secretly,

and his hot French blood warmed to the work. The greater the danger — the more urgent the need — the more reliance the patriots placed upon his courage and sagacity.

II

A SON OF LIBERTY

II

A SON OF LIBERTY

ONE can easily imagine that the broad-shouldered, sturdy mechanic, for so Paul Revere was proud to call himself, was an ardent lover of liberty. Unlike most mechanics and artisans of his day, he was never chained to his bench or his workshop: he loved the open country, the blue sky, the freedom of the woods. The word "freedom" was the very breath of his nostrils and we have seen at the first hint at anything like resistance to England's mandates how quick he was to range himself on the side of his oppressed countrymen.

For some time he had been an active member of "The Sons of Liberty," a secret society formed in order to discuss freely grave and serious matters affecting the colonists. It boasted such members as Joseph Warren, John Hancock, Samuel and John Adams, Josiah Quincy and other well-known men,

but by far the greater part of the Sons of Liberty was composed of traders and mechanics like Revere himself. This big society which soon spread its influence to New York and Philadelphia had its birth in Boston and was divided into what were called "Caucuses." The North End Caucus, to which Revere and his friends belonged, had been organized by Dr. Joseph Warren, who with another person drew up the regulations. The famous Green Dragon Tavern in Union Street was usually the scene of their meetings. It was an unpretentious, two-story brick building with a pitch roof, and from above the entrance projected an iron rod on which crouched the Green Dragon which gave the house its name. To these meetings came all the noted patriots, lending the dignity of their presence during the discussions. "We were so careful," wrote Paul Revere in his notebook, "that our meetings should be kept secret, that every time we met, every person swore upon the Bible not to disclose any of our transactions, but to Hancock, Warren or Church and one or two more leaders."

The Sons of Liberty numbered over three hundred strong, determined men among its members,

each one pledged to the cause of liberty. They made a most imposing body when they appeared on public occasions. Each member wore suspended round his neck a medal, on one side of which was engraved a stalwart arm grasping in its hand a pole surmounted with a cap of liberty, and surrounded by the words, "Sons of Liberty"; on the other side was a picture of Liberty Tree under which their first meetings were held.

There was only one man in Boston who could make those medals and that man was Paul Revere, who came to every meeting, sitting alert and silent save when some practical point demanded his advice — always with a horse saddled for whatever secret mission on which the Committee of Safety chose to send him. In the heart of this powerful organization was hatched the beginning of the Revolution. Behind the heavy doors of the Green Dragon Tavern were whispered things which might have cost many respectable gentlemen their heads. Each Son of Liberty would have staked his life upon the integrity of the others, yet even through those oaken doors crept treason, and little did these earnest patriots dream that as time went on, one of the trusted

few admitted to their councils would abuse and betray their confidence, even going so far as to sell some of their secrets to the English. Indeed, it was because such whispers got abroad that they used the Green Dragon Tavern for a meeting place, forsaking the well-beloved Liberty Tree.

The traitor in the camp was no less a person than Dr. Benjamin Church, who was himself one of the organizers of the Sons of Liberty, who wrote many pamphlets and rimes attacking the British Government, and who was loud in his resentment at the King's unwise course. It was Church who told Governor Gage of the colonists' intention to seize all arms and stores at Concord, just as it was Paul Revere's watchful eye that discovered that the British troops were about to leave Boston at the dead of night on some warlike mission unknown to its inhabitants.

After all, our Mercury of the Revolution was a boy at heart. The game of hide and seek which the patriots and the soldiers were playing was wildly interesting. He was put upon every committee where alertness and vigilance were required, and it was doubtless through his many ways of gaining

information that he was able to forewarn the leaders of threatening trouble. As a Son of Liberty Paul Revere was in every sense one of the Minute Men of the Revolution. Indeed, it is more than probable that he privately drilled many a raw apprentice into some semblance of a soldier. They all knew him and all loved him — this big, bluff, whole-souled patriot tradesman, who fashioned beautiful articles of gold and silver — not with his loaded gun near by like the farmers in the Middlesex towns, but with a horse always saddled — a heart ever ready and eyes and ears on the alert in his country's cause.

Nowadays we hear much talk of "preparedness" in case of war. Everywhere there is military stir. In our big cities our business men are learning army tactics. In our seaport towns our naval militiamen are being trained. We are building ships and manufacturing guns and hoarding gunpowder — doing all those things which proclaim us a powerful as well as a peaceful nation. But in the old days how different it was! All the colonists had to depend upon in time of stress was a keen ear, a quick eye, and above all an undying and patriotic spirit. This

Paul Revere showed from the very beginning. In spite of his somewhat prosaic records of expenditure in his daybook, one must read between the lines and think of what such an outlay stood for. Here was a man of business — a man of family besides, and a pretty large one at that, willing to lay aside his daily work, and at the same time to risk his life and his health in long and dangerous rides across the country on business which the patriots would trust to no other man. We know, for instance, that on December 17, the morning after the Tea Party Paul Revere was hastily dispatched to Philadelphia and New York. This meant traveling by night and by day over frozen roads — roads which we easy travelers of to-day can scarcely imagine, roads deep-rutted by the wheels of heavy wagons, full of stones and bowlders and dangerous holes, pitfalls for the unwary horse. For such a journey he needed the best providing, a horse trained for such work, provisions for many days, and arms in case of surprise. He needed money, too, to put up at the various roadhouses, to rest his tired horse, or perhaps to leave it and secure a fresh mount. It is not surprising, therefore, to see in his account

books various bills presented to the Committee of Safety for riding and other expenses. Revere was but a fairly well-to-do mechanic; he gave to the cause his courage and his loyalty; but his time belonged to the support of his family, and the Committee of Safety was willing to pay the very moderate price he asked for the services he rendered. Our own little blue-coated messenger boys fare better to-day than did Paul Revere a hundred and forty years ago.

When, later on, on June 1, 1774, as a punishment for the destruction of the tea, the King closed Boston Harbor by signing the Boston Port Bill, Paul Revere rode forth again at the risk of capture to seek support from the sister colonies of New York and Philadelphia, and to scatter broadcast copies of the act, which he had printed and ornamented with heavy black mourning lines and adorned with the picture of a crown, a skull and cross-bones, which he had engraved especially for the occasion. "Over the skull," we are told, "was a rude semblance of a crown, and beneath the bones, that of the cap of Liberty, denoting that all was death and destruction between the Crown and liberty."

For this ride he was doubtless paid, for there is a

careful record of expenses; but it was not until after the famous ride to Lexington that he ever presented a bill to the Committee of Safety. From April 21, 1775, until May 7 following — during which time he was scarcely out of the saddle — and for the days of riding, for expenses for himself and his horse, for the keeping of two other horses, and for certain printing that he did of a thousand impressions, he charged £11–1s., reducing the cost of his labors to the sum of four shillings per day, which shows that his love of liberty far outweighed his love of money — although many have smiled over his attention to these little business details.

Paul Revere was a true Son of Liberty. He believed the highest liberty came through independence and he practiced it in his private, as well as in his public life. Money was to him a very solid and a very necessary foundation of independence and herein he differed from the great leader of his time, Samuel Adams, who never thought of money at all — whose snuff-colored suit was constantly out at elbows, whose wife and children were poorly clad and poorly fed, whose poverty and inability to earn a living were the talk of Boston.

Indeed, the more we read of these Revolutionary heroes, the more we marvel at the indomitable energy which carried them through those trying times when the uses of electricity and steam were unknown to the world, when every message or warning which in these days flashes through telegraph or wireless or long-distance telephone, was sent post-haste by a trusty messenger on a fleet horse. Yet, after all, the Middlesex people did the next best thing; they set their meeting-house bells a-ringing in times of alarm. In case of fire, an invasion of savages, or any such direful happening, from town to town the bells told the story, until the air was full of their clanging and pealing.

Paul Revere had everything for traveling that comfort could suggest, at least such comfort as men knew in those times, though the gentle art of bicycling would have saved him many a horse, to say nothing of as many precious hours.

Therefore, it seems all the more wonderful that he accomplished what he did — in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

This true Son of Liberty made the safety of the town his first thought and side by side with his city

and his country he held sacred the famous Liberty Tree, which was the scene of so many patriotic gatherings. There was never a time when he could not remember it standing there on the corner of Washington and Essex streets, and as a boy he and his companions had enjoyed many a romp beneath it. One has only to remember one's childhood to understand the love of the men of Boston for this tree. It was very lofty, standing somewhat apart in royal state, and when the boys of Paul Revere's time grew to manhood, they found that the old habit of stopping under it to discuss matters still clung to them, when events were hurrying them on to the final break with the mother country. The meetings under the tree then began to be attended with more ceremony and on great occasions lanterns hung from its branches and gay flags waved among its leaves. It was formerly called the Great Tree, but was known as Liberty Tree after the celebration of the repeal of the Stamp Act. State secrets were whispered and great resolves grew under its shadow.

Many of Paul Revere's cleverest drawings are scenes laid around Liberty Tree and the tree itself always stands out a majestic spectator. It was a

noble elm, with spreading boughs and a gnarled and knotted trunk which told its age, and not only was it sacred to the Sons of Liberty, but all the inhabitants looked upon it with reverence and awe.

In 1775, when the British occupied Boston after the Battle of Bunker Hill, one of their crowning acts was to destroy this temple of patriotism.

Armed with axes and led by a man named Job Williams, a mob surrounded the beautiful tree and cut it down "because it bore the name of Liberty." Some idea of the size of the tree may be gained from the fact that it made fourteen cords of wood when it was chopped up. After the war a liberty pole was placed on the stump of the tree, which was hereafter known as Liberty Stump. In 1826 a second pole was placed in position. It was intended to celebrate the visit of Lafayette in 1825, but for some reason its erection was delayed, and at the time the following lines were inscribed by Judge Daws:

Of high renown here grew the Tree
The Elm, so dear to Liberty;
Your sires, beneath its sacred shade,
To Freedom, early homage paid.
This day with filial awe surround
Its roots, that sanctifies the ground,

And by your fathers' spirits swear
The rights they left, you'll not impair.

To Paul Revere as well as to all the Sons of Liberty, the tree was as a living thing, and even though the presence of the British troops in Boston forced them to have their meetings behind closed doors, for them as for their children it always stood as an emblem of liberty.

The tree their own hands had to liberty reared,
They lived to behold growing strong and revered;
With transport then cried, "Now our wishes we gain,
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain,
In freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live!
Our purses are ready,—
Steady, friends, steady! —
Not as slaves, but as freemen, our money we'll give.

In the wall of a building, corner of Essex and Washington streets in the Boston of to-day, directly over the spot where stood the famous tree, is a stone tablet representing in bas relief, a tree with wide-spreading branches. On the tablet is this inscription:

LIBERTY 1776.
LAW AND ORDER.
SONS OF LIBERTY 1776.
INDEPENDENCE OF THEIR COUNTRY, 1776.

The best work of his graver did Paul Revere put upon this cherished tree, immortalizing it in a dozen different pictures and drawing it with an artist's skill, showing in every delicate line how well he loved it.

For this sturdy patriot loved well and hated well. The time was coming when his vigilance would be rewarded, not by the plaudits of the world, not even by the gratitude of the Committee of Safety whose willing servant he had been, but in the trust and faith of the farmers and tradesmen, and mechanics like himself who knew that their cause was in good hands if he was their champion.

This bold Son of Liberty had his work to do. Had he blundered, his very name would have been forgotten, but what he did is recorded in history and the trumpet of fame is blown for those who succeed.

III

BOSTON'S BIGGEST TEA PARTY

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WHEN the hateful tax on tea fell like a thunderbolt on Boston Town, Paul Revere was foremost among those who rose against the tyranny of Great Britain, and during the stormy resistance of the colonies our sturdy craftsman was in the thick of the fight — for he dearly loved a fight, this man of the people.

Yet he had nothing to gain and everything to lose, for in his work shop were created all the dainty belongings of the tea-table from the trap of solid beaten silver to the smallest spoon. With all the cunning of his art he made those beautiful things which found a ready sale among the well-to-do Boston ladies.

Doubtless in his own home tea was royally dispensed. Fancy Mistress Revere, at her table of old mahogany, its polished surface reflecting the beautiful bits of silver from her husband's workshop,

while the hissing, bubbling water from her copper kettle steeped the dried leaves she had heaped in the fat silver teapot. The colonial ladies made a practice of "dropping in" for tea at their friends' houses, often carrying their cups and saucers and spoons along with them, and all of them took great pride in their tea-tables, set out with cups and saucers, cream bucket and sugar bowl, and always a lacquered chest filled with tea. But when the time of trial came, while Paul Revere and his brother workmen met at the Green Dragon Inn to denounce the tax on tea, the women put away their pretty tea-things and three hundred prominent colonial dames signed an agreement not to drink tea until the tax was withdrawn.

The younger women followed the example of their elders, and it was a poor creature indeed who would be coward enough to drink a cup of tea in secret. Instead, they used what was called "balsamic hyperion," made from the dried leaves of the raspberry plant, while thyme and other herbs came into use.

So Paul Revere turned his attention to making tankards for ale, and pitchers and mugs for milk,

when he was not guarding the harbor with a handful of other tried and trusted men to see that no merchant ship crept in and deposited another unwelcome load of tea.

Great Britain had not looked for this sort of resistance. It was estimated, at that time, that out of the three million colonists at least *one million* had become accustomed to drinking tea twice a day, and Bohea was the favorite brew. It is not easy to give up a habit, and the mother country, ignorant of the strength of her New World sons and daughters, rather unwisely counted upon the tea being something which they could not do without; so the East India Company was ordered to send its ships as usual to the American harbors. King George prided himself on being very lenient to his rebellious subjects, as well as very just. He had repealed all of the original tax save that on tea, and he wanted to show them that, as a father, he exacted the unquestioning submission of his children.

Had Boston stood alone, she might not have been able to resist so successfully, but with the other ports — New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston, South Carolina — at her back, she was strong enough to

send her defiance across the sea. The colonists therefore determined, one and all, to resist the tax and not to buy any of the tea brought in by the East India Company. Of course there were a few avaricious merchants who smuggled it in and sold it secretly to unscrupulous people, but as a rule they were honest about it. There was, however, one man, Theophilus Lillie, who refused to sign an agreement not to sell any tea while the people were taxed. The stand he took aroused the fury of the mob, for he stood almost alone among the small merchants, who had signed the paper rather than lose their customers. Some one planted a post in front of his shop, with a carved head and the names of tea importers on it, and a hand beneath, pointing to his shop. A neighbor named Richardson asked a bystander to break the post down. This raised a crowd of boys who jeered and shouted and chased Richardson into his own house. The furious man fired into the crowd and killed a little boy eleven years old, named Christopher Snider. Then there was an uproar. The unfortunate boy had a public funeral, when five hundred children assembled at the Liberty Tree and walked in front of the bier all

the way to the burying ground, and six of his special companions held the pall.

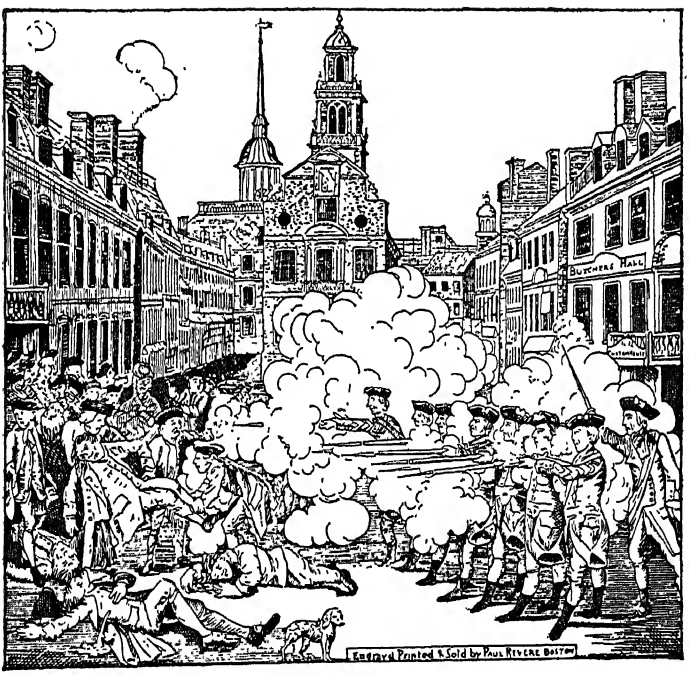
This little tragedy produced a deep impression on the people of Boston. It was followed in a few days by what is known as the Boston Massacre, when the British regulars fired upon a crowd of citizens, killing five and wounding many others. This occurred on March 5, 1770, and Paul Revere made a vivid drawing of the scene which took place in King Street. He also prepared a chart of the whole affair, which is most interesting, showing how methodical and accurate he was in his treatment of all public events. This chart is carefully lettered and spaced, with an accompanying key, and was probably worked out as a sort of introduction to the picture which later was "Engrav'd, Printed & Sold by *Paul Revere,* Boston." It is a large folded plate and remarkable particularly for the artist's attention to the smallest detail. The squad of redcoats fired on the peaceful citizens in the square formed by the Town House at the head and stores and residences on either side; and in bringing the event before the eyes of the excited public the artist employed the Japanese method,

unconsciously doing away with anything like perspective. A few of the original prints have been hand-colored, possibly by Revere himself.

One year afterward, on the anniversary of the Massacre, a crowd assembled in front of Paul Revere's house to see some transparencies which he was showing from three upper windows.

This house is still standing — one of the landmarks of Boston — and so little changed in its exterior that it would not be difficult to picture the whole scene on that eventful night; the powerful frame of Paul Revere silhouetted on the screen, the surrounding darkness, the eager crowd below, the murmurs as the pictures appeared framed in each of the three windows running across the front of the house (though now there are four). In one window was represented the ghost of Christopher Snider with his gaping wound, his friends weeping near by, and in the distance a monument bearing his name and the names of those killed in the Massacre. Underneath was this couplet:

> Snider's pale ghost fresh bleeding stands,
> And Vengeance for his death demands.



Engraving of the Boston Massacre by Paul Revere.

The next window held a vivid picture of the Boston Massacre. The third window represented America sitting on the stump of a tree; in her hand a staff surmounted by the cap of liberty; her foot was on the head of a fallen grenadier, and her fingers were pointing to the tragedies in the other two windows. In commemoration of the harrowing events, the bells tolled from twelve to one and from nine to ten in the evening. Dr. Thomas Young delivered an anniversary oration.

But it was Revere's pictures that remained in the minds of the multitude. Indeed, his eyes were always sharp to note events of moment, and wherever he happened to be he was active and prominent; so when the tea controversy became serious, his ready wit was there to sting it with caricatures, his ready arm was there to fight for the right. Yet in spite of his patriotism, the soul of this honest trader was not above a business transaction, for we find recorded in his methodical daybook a charge of 6 shillings, "To engraving 5 Coffings for Massacre," and just below, "5s. for printing 200 impressions of Massacre." But let us not forget that there

was a big household of growing children to be fed and clothed!

There's an old saying that you can drive a horse to water but you can't make him drink, and this was the stand America took about the tea. England might send ship after ship laden with the forbidden article, but free-born citizens could not be forced to buy, and there was such a falling off in the trade of the East India Company that it appealed to the British government for permission to send tea to America free of duty. But there is no more stubborn person than a stupid king. He would show that he was master, once and forever! The East India Company might go to pieces for aught he cared!

It seemed but a small matter, this tea business, but the settling of the question meant liberty or oppression for the American people. The tea ships still continued to come into port, but the tea was stored away, as there was no one to buy it, and a strict guard was kept upon the traders. Paul Revere was a member of the vigilance committee appointed to keep watch.

It must be understood that these guards were vol-

unteers whose patriotism urged them thus to serve their country. There was a street patrol organized by Paul Revere and conducted with such secrecy that although the town was full of soldiers ready to pick a quarrel at a moment's notice, no one suspected that day and night every thoroughfare in Boston had its own special force of secret police. They walked the streets, two at a time, so that in case of any sudden and unlooked-for disturbance, one could engage the intruder while the other could summon help from other quarters; all were provided with whistles to use in case of urgent need.

At length the storehouse became so full of the unsold tea that there was no room for any more, and so the colonists resolved that the incoming tea ships should be sent back home with their cargoes, and in case they refused to go, they should not be allowed to land a single chest of tea.

Boston was the ringleader of the rebellion. The citizens of New York and Philadelphia resolved to stand by her and Philadelphia circulated handbills with this heading, so familiar now as the watchword of this great nation:

"By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall."

Many meetings were held, many plans discussed, but all the assemblies agreed absolutely on the tea question, declaring that the East India Company was attempting to enforce the odious tax by bringing the tea into port.

Boston at that time was a flourishing little town and the chief commercial center of the colonies. It contained about sixteen thousand inhabitants, almost all of them of English origin, industrious, frugal and enterprising.

Surrounded by water on every side, save by the narrow neck connecting with the mainland, the English vessels naturally made for this coast line, so Paul Revere and the other volunteer watchmen had a busy time of it. The colonists trusted them to see that no unwelcome cargoes came to Boston Harbor. All felt that it was to be a severe struggle for their rights and that the issue was near at hand; therefore the brave men who mounted guard were armed with muskets and bayonets and were on duty night and day. The far-famed Boston Tea Party was not a suddenly arranged entertainment. The handful of men who invited the guests and saw to

the refreshments were, for the most part, honest mechanics and tradespeople, true Sons of Liberty. It was at one of their meetings, held on October 23, 1770, that the members present, including Paul Revere and the leaders with whom he associated, pledged themselves, their lives, and their fortunes, to oppose the sale of tea. They had been very patient for fully three years, but at last they were exasperated, and at another enthusiastic meeting at the Green Dragon Tavern the Sons of Liberty resolved upon the destruction of the tea.

We do not know who first suggested the idea of the Tea Party. In view of Paul Revere's cleverness as well as his enthusiasm, it would not be difficult to add this honor to the many he carried. But while a very brave man, he was also a very prudent one. He remembered that he had a wife and a houseful of children, and if such a suggestion from him reached the ears of Governor Thomas Hutchinson, the King's officers would make short work of him. Perhaps it was an idea which gradually took definite form in the minds of these determined men. However that may be, it was unanimously resolved that if the ships still continued to come into port,

something must be done to show England that the colonists were in earnest.

During this time Paul Revere was a busy man and it is probable that his workbench was deserted for days at a time while he attended many secret meetings of the Sons of Liberty by day or by night in out-of-the-way corners where inquisitive redcoats could not venture. Even the bravest had to work by stealth, for Governor Hutchinson could call out the militia if the colonists opposed him openly.

While Hancock and Adams were making speeches to rouse the people, Paul Revere was working quietly among his fellow mechanics, and discussing with them the readiest and easiest way of settling the question. A whispered cautious word — a nod or a smile — conveyed its own message, and little by little a subdued air of preparation showed itself in many of the colonial households.

What went on behind the closed doors of Paul Revere's home no one can ever tell. Instead of fashioning beautiful bits of silver and gold, he was probably consulting with Mrs. Paul as to the best material for moccasins, and what sort of juice dyed the skin a reddish brown. For though he himself

never told the secret, it was well known among his contemporaries that he lent a very able hand in the destruction of the tea.

There came a time, at last, when the people lost their patience. In vain they appealed to the Governor, for many of the Tory merchants who persisted in handling the tea were either his own relatives or in sympathy with the English government.

In those tempestuous times it was wonderful what firm control the leaders had of the excited crowds, and such men as Adams, Hancock, and Warren were big enough to realize that while they might sway the people by speech, Paul Revere, as a man of action and by reason of his trade, stood shoulder to shoulder with the oppressed colonists. They recognized that he, too, was a leader, " steady, vigorous, sensible and persevering," as Dr. Young wrote of him, and carrying, long before that famous ride to Lexington, the fate of a nation in his hands. Instinct led the patriots to trust this one man with secret messages which, had they fallen into the British grasp, would have hung or beheaded half of Boston. But Paul Revere never failed them; so quick and sure was he that he was often called the

Patriot Mercury. And the fact that he escaped unscathed through adventure after adventure endowed him in the eyes of the people with almost supernatural powers.

We may be certain that, while the tempest was brewing he was not idle. We may be sure, too, that Mrs. Revere was one of the first colonial dames to empty her tea caddy and put away her tea-things, saying as she did so: "Children, this is the last cup of tea you will get for a long while." Night after night she sent her trusty husband to take council with the other Sons of Liberty, while she tucked the little Reveres in bed and darned the family hose, but like the wife of John Adams, her heart must have beat at every whistle she heard. Those were troublous times indeed for the women of Boston. Each day England was drawing a tighter rein, and when the issue narrowed down to the tea question, every one felt there was little more to be said but much to be done.

The Sons of Liberty, having failed in their appeal to the merchants, began to prepare secretly for whatever might happen, for ships laden with tea were on their way from England. Indeed, the tea

ship *Dartmouth,* commanded by Captain Hall and owned by Francis Rotch, a Quaker merchant of Nantucket, had already arrived and was anchored below Castle William on the coast, within reach of the timid merchants who had taken refuge there.

In this ship were one hundred and fourteen chests of tea, and when the news spread through Boston, there was wild excitement. When Captain Hall came to Boston he was told by the patriots headed by Samuel Adams that he must bring his ship right into port in order to land all his cargo but the tea. The captain knew better than to disobey.

On Monday, November 29, therefore, the *Dartmouth* anchored off Long Wharf, and the committee obtained Rotch's promise not to go on board his ship until Tuesday. Then Samuel Adams called a monster meeting for the 29th, at Faneuil Hall, which was scarcely big enough to hold the vast throng.

This is the wording of the call:

FRIENDS! BRETHREN! COUNTRYMEN!

That worst of plagues, the detested TEA, shipped for this Port by the East India Company, is now arrived in this Harbour. The Hour of Destruction or manly op-

position to the Machinations of Tyranny, stares you in the Face; every Friend to this Country, to himself, and to Posterity, is now called upon to meet at FANEUIL HALL, at NINE o'clock

THIS DAY,

(at which Time the Bells will ring), to make a united and successful Resistance to this last, worst, and most destructive Measure of Administration.

Boston, November 29, 1773.

This was the note of alarm which should have warned the Governor, for the people crowded to this meeting as they did to the many meetings which led step by step to the famous Tea Party. The call itself was probably the work of the North End Caucus, one of the rallying clubs of the Sons of Liberty, of which Adams, Warren, and Paul Revere were active working members, and it would not be too great a stretch of the imagination to credit our honest silversmith with the composition, the printing, and the circulating of the little handbills.

A second and a third tea-laden ship having arrived in the harbor, the people decided to wait no longer. They once more protested to the Governor, but he was too angry to listen to reason. They even sent the young owner of the *Dartmouth* for a final

interview with Hutchinson, but he returned unsuccessful; he could not obtain a permit to take his ship out of Boston Harbor until he had emptied all his cargo. The tea was still on board, held there by the resolute, dauntless men who guarded not only the wharves but the ships as well — and woe betide the cunning seaman or crafty merchant who tried to smuggle any on shore.

Meanwhile murmurs spread among the people. Dr. Thomas Young, always a fiery orator, was the first to suggest publicly that the only real way to solve the vexing problem and get rid of the tea was to throw it overboard. Just a little word — no doubt the result of all the secret meetings at the Green Dragon — but it was as a match to powder. It seemingly passed unnoticed, but the ears of such men as Paul Revere and his friends caught the sound, and all the active minds were alert to take the hint.

About this time, the leaders, distrusting the merchants as well as the Governor himself, voted that six men should have horses always ready to ride and spread the alarm through the country in case of need.

Undoubtedly Paul Revere would have been one of the trusty messengers, as he was later on, but his place at that time was with the little garrison guarding the ships, which was under the strictest military discipline. John Hancock and Henry Knox were members of this volunteer guard, and others who wished to join were requested to leave their names at the printing office of Edes and Gill, well-known patriotic printers.

When the famous assembly of December 16 was sitting, the three tea-laden ships were anchored side by side at Griffin's Wharf. The town talk was only about the tea. Men discussed it on the streets, the women talked it over at home, while the very children chattered about it even in their play. The words of Dr. Thomas Young were whispered, "Throw it overboard!" But how? Whoever was caught in such an act would be severely handled, so the whisper never went beyond the handful of determined men who locked it safely in their hearts. Meetings were called by all the patriot leaders. At one of these the following song was composed and it became very popular:

Our *Warren's* there and bold *Revere*
With hands to do and words to cheer,
For liberty and laws;
Our country's "braves" and firm defenders
Shall ne'er be left by true North Enders,
Fighting Freedom's cause.
Then rally, boys, and hasten on
To meet our chiefs at the Green Dragon.

The mention of "braves" should have given the King's men some inkling of what was to happen, but they were either too stupid to grasp it or else they thought the colonists would never dare to plan such an act of open rebellion.

The crowd that gathered in the Old South Meeting-House on that memorable Thursday, December 16, 1773, numbered seven thousand people, and though the day was rainy and disagreeable nearly two thousand persons came from out of town. The issue had been reached; the twenty days' grace which they had given the ships for unloading and putting out to sea had resulted in nothing. The ships had not moved from the harbor; something had to be done and at once.

History does not tell us if Paul Revere attended this meeting which lasted from early morning until

candlelight. It seems highly probable, however, that in spite of his duties as volunteer guardsman, he yet managed to find time to listen to some of the patriotic speeches. Perhaps he heard in the gloom the sonorous voice of John Rowe, the prominent merchant and patriot, when he exclaimed:

"Who knows how tea will mingle with salt water?" At any rate there was an uproar in the gallery where a motley crowd of people were gathered — among them many dark-hued Mohawk "braves" — and what is more likely than that our lusty patriot in war paint and moccasins lent his voice to the riot, yet at the same time was able to hold the mob in check when poor young Francis Rotch told the leaders how he had failed in his mission to the Governor? He was allowed to leave the meeting-house unhurt as he had tried his best to do what the people asked.

Then Samuel Adams arose and uttered the words which must have been the signal for action: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country!" Answering this was a terrific war whoop from some men disguised as Indians, at the church door.

Instantly the cry rang through the place, "Boston

Harbor a teapot to-night! Hurrah for Griffin's Wharf!" and a band of men disguised as Mohawk Indians dashed out of the church with their hatchets, giving the war cry as they ran. Some twenty or thirty masked figures started the stampede, but at every step volunteers fell into line, and by the time the wharf was reached, bystanders could not count the number. Straight for the tea ships they made, running up the rope ladders like cats, swarming over the decks, spreading terror among the sailors with their wild whoops and the menacing way they brandished their hatchets and axes as they danced the war dance. But they spoke good colonial English, these savages, and warned the captains and the crews to keep out of their way; they had come on board for one purpose which must be accomplished before they left. Then they dragged on deck three hundred and forty-two chests of tea, broke them open with their hatchets, and dumped their contents into the sea.

Some one must have led these seeming savages, and though we may only conjecture, who knew better how to handle a crowd, how to start a mob and how to quell it, then our old friend Paul Revere,

whose boy's soul must have reveled in the masquerade?

There was neither noise nor confusion; the men acted as if trained to the work, and with the precision of well-drilled soldiers. As the townspeople began to understand what was happening, they made their way in throngs to the wharf where they watched in silence £18,000 in tea go down into the deep. So well they worked that in three hours' time everything was over, and they dispersed in good order, having been careful to respect private property. Before going to their homes, however, the workers turned their pockets inside out to see if any of the tea had found its way there, and if any one looked the least suspicious, a rough search was made at once. One man hid some in the lining of his coat, but the crowd soon found it out and he was relieved of it with little ceremony. A certain man named Thomas Melvill found some tea in his shoes, which he bottled and preserved. It is now in the possession of Mrs. Thomas Melvill, of Galena, Illinois.

In preparing for this, the biggest tea party ever chronicled, the determined band had gone seriously

to work. Those who could not go themselves sent their eager young apprentices. One master, after assisting his apprentice to disguise himself, prayed fervently for his safety and the success of the venture.

One might well imagine that this enterprise was confined to active young men, reckless of life and limb, but who they really were was long a mystery, for when the destruction of the tea was planned, those who helped in the work had to swear absolute secrecy. There is only one instance on record of a man who betrayed another, and he was tarred and feathered for his treachery.

On this account Paul Revere left behind him no clever engraving to commemorate such an important event. Scrupulously honest, he kept his oath of secrecy to the day of his death, but little by little as the storm clouds blew away and the next generation grew up, many interesting facts came to light concerning the famous Tea Party. To-day many well-know names are on that roll of honor. Neither Adams nor Hancock took an active part, but it is certain they knew what was going to happen, and it is more than probable that they were present when

the Tea Party was discussed and planned. Indeed, there was no other way for America to show England that she was in earnest. Refusal to pay duty meant nothing to the obstinate King, but the loss of £18,000 in good money roused England as nothing else could.

From every corner of the colonies came joyful congratulations, and from that time all the seaports refused to admit into their harbors any tea-laden vessels. Many were the songs and ballads which told of this well-planned deed; the newspapers took up the story, which in time passed into history.

The next day Paul Revere was sent by the Boston Committee to New York and Philadelphia with dispatches telling of the event. He carried also a letter to the New York Sons of Liberty. It was dated December 17, 1773, and it ran as follows:

"The bearer is chosen by the committee from a number of gentlemen who volunteered to carry you this intelligence. We are in a perfect jubilee. Not a Tory in the whole community can find the least fault with our proceedings. . . . The spirit of the people throughout the country is to be described by no terms in my power. Their conduct last night

surprised the admiral and English gentlemen who observed that these were not a mob of disorderly rabble (as they have been reported), but men of sense, coolness, and intrepidity."

In several instances many of the "Indians" took their young sons along to help in the night's work, but history does not state that young Paul Revere accompanied his father, though he was thirteen at the time.

The elder Paul, from that day forth, established his reputation as a loyal and intrepid messenger, and took his place in the councils of the leaders. The Boston Tea Party was virtually the beginning of the Revolution. The colonists were now in open rebellion; vessel after vessel brought English soldiers to our shores, and the royal governors, backed by the militia, managed to keep order only at the point of the bayonet, while the enraged King threatened to close the port of Boston, thinking to starve the city into submission.

IV

THE TIMES WHICH MADE THE MAN

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PAUL REVERE found great excitement in New York when he brought the news of the Tea Party. The people went wild with enthusiasm and immediately began to watch their own harbor to see that no tea-laden ships got in, and Revere bore back the news to Boston that Governor Tryon had promised to send all such ships back. The New Yorkers fêted the sturdy patriot and at once dispatched a messenger bearing the joyful tidings to Philadelphia.

But Paul Revere was anxious to get back to his own town, for the people, being in open revolt, needed the presence of their leaders — not only to cheer and encourage them to make resistance but to keep the headstrong from doing more damage to the rifled ships. He made the trip to New York from Boston and back again in eleven days, reaching Boston on December 27. The very next day he joined

the guard of twenty-five men on board the *Dartmouth,* for both vessel and cargo would otherwise have been at the mercy of the mob. At the same time the harbor was watched closely, for another consignment of tea was expected, and when it reached port the same determined band of men disposed of the second shipment as they had the first — indeed, so much was dumped overboard at one particular point, that the receding tide left an inconvenient quantity on shore and men had to go out in boats, scoop up the heaps of tea leaves, and carry them a little further out to sea.

Paul Revere about this time wrote to his friend John Lamb in New York:

"You have no doubt heard the particulars, relating to the last twenty-eight chests of tea; it was disposed of in the same manner as I informed you of the other, and should five hundred more arrive it would go in the same way."

This second raid on the tea ships hastened the closing of the port, and on March 31, 1774, the order for the boycott against the port of Boston, with the royal seal affixed, became a law, and went into effect June 1. This meant that trade was stopped

— that no merchant ships could touch her harbor, and that Boston must now depend upon her own resources. The patriots far and near were enraged at this insult of the King. The Committee of Safety sent messengers to the sister colonies, telling of England's injustice and asking their help in case of need.

Paul Revere became a busy engraver once more; handbills were printed — copies of the Port Bill, made terrible by heavy black lines and ornamented with a crown and skull and cross-bones — his own work — and the Committee of Safety again sen Revere to New York and Philadelphia. The clo ing of the port was a serious matter for a flourish town and the Boston leaders were afraid that wit out the help of all the colonists they would not be strong enough to hold out under this new tria "A committee was chosen to go to several town and Mr. P. Revere was chosen to go express to Ne York and Philadelphia."

The colonial idea of an "express" was neither an automobile nor a flying train. Had Paul Revere lived in modern times, with a swift running motor car at his disposal and the telephone and telegraph

within reach, all would have been different. With such conveniences the question of American independence would have been settled in one year instead of in seven, but Benjamin Franklin had not yet discovered the wonderful resources of the electricity that rent the heavens during a thunderstorm, though he was indeed the first American to use an umbrella for protection from the rain, and so the colonial "expresses" were simply mounted messengers on swift horses that knew every foot of the rough roads from town to town.

Paul Revere was always well mounted and well stocked with nails and horseshoes, for each rider was his own blacksmith in those troublous times when he could not depend upon fresh mounts along the journey, and Paul Revere, being clever with his hands, had little difficulty in shoeing a horse. On this journey he was not only the bearer of important papers from the Committee of Safety to the committees of New York and Philadelphia, but he scattered his own rousing pamphlets through the villages he met on his way and people hawked them about the streets crying:

"Barbarous, cruel and inhuman murder!"

Revere's ride took him first across country to Philadelphia. Leaving Boston on May 14, he made the journey in less than six days, reaching his destination on the 20th. Here the "execrable Port Bill" aroused the anger of the citizens who resolved to stand by Boston, though they recommended "firmness, prudence and moderation." They sent back a letter by Paul Revere promising help in case of need, and it was at the suggestion of the Philadelphians that all the colonies decided to call together a General Congress, for the time had come for action.

The Sons of Liberty of New York, as soon as they heard of the Bill, sent express to Boston resolutions and a letter advising the people to stand firm; the messenger they sent on this occasion was one Master John Ludlow, who, mounted on a black horse, hurried towards the New England border and as he galloped through the villages in Connecticut and Rhode Island spread the news of England's last indignity. Near Providence he met Paul Revere mounted on a gray horse speeding to New York bearing assurances of Boston's firmness and fidelity. Indeed, there were trusty men employed in these

secret missions all over the rebellious country; the colonies were girdled by these expresses and it was a brave and a bold man who was willing to risk his life on these dangerous errands. Yet so well did Paul Revere manage to elude the vigilance of the King's men, that never, until the day of his famous ride to Concord, did he fall into the hands of the English.

About this time the *Royal American Magazine* appeared in Boston. Its first number, January, 1774, bore this imprint: "America / Boston. Printed and Sold at Greenleaf's Printing Office / in Union Street, near the Conduit where subscriptions continue to be taken in." It was published for six months; then it was suspended to be taken up again some months later until the following April when the war finally killed it. It was a queer little magazine, in striking contrast to the magazines of to-day; it was printed on thin paper, its pages were small, and the type was thick and old-fashioned. To this magazine Paul Revere was a frequent contributor; each number contained at least two of his engravings signed always, "Paul Revere Sculp.," and though many of them were crude, they are historically valu-

able to-day. In the April number, 1774, he engraved a reproduction of Copley's portrait of Samuel Adams, and in a later number one of John Hancock. He did other portraits besides these, also several views of Boston, and he gave us many pictures pointing humorously to the events of his time. He was in *his* day what we would call in *our* day a clever cartoonist. People usually follow in the wake of laughter and Paul Revere's quaint way of poking fun at the English government turned many a Tory into a Whig.

Being a prudent, far-seeing man, he coined his talents into gold as fast as he could; his growing family must be provided for, and there was no telling what the future held for the patriotic household. He received fairly good prices for his magazine engravings, and the last charge made in his methodical daybook was dated

April 1, 1775 — Joseph Greenleaf, Esq^{r}. Dr.
To engrave plates for March Mage. £3/0/0

Which shows that he received three pounds for his month's work. We can easily trace in his daybook the rides he took for the Continental Congress, for

they were all charged up, and finally paid for. He engraved billheads for taverns, and designed bookplates for book-lovers and in 1774 he illustrated two volumes, entitled: "A New Voyage Round the World. In the years 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771: Undertaken by order of his Present Majesty, Performed by Captain James Cooke."

One of his most notable engravings is a view of Harvard College, but only half of it is in existence and that is safely treasured in the State House. The back of the other half was used in 1775, by the patriot artist, for engraving the design for Provincial money in three different sizes, six, fourteen, and twenty shillings. Indeed, there were so few mechanics who understood the art of engraving that it seems quite probable that many of the unsigned pieces came also from the hand of Paul Revere, although it is very evident he never placed the proper value upon his really excellent work.

It was in August, 1774, that Paul Revere, and twenty-one other men on the same list, refused to serve as grand jurors, giving as their principal reason the fact that the presiding judge was a man of

bad character. This was the last grand jury under the Crown.

On September 5, the Philadelphians opened their doors to the General Congress of the colonies. Fifty-one delegates assembled at Carpenter's Hall, and Quakers and Puritans alike made great preparations to entertain them while in town. But these men did not come together for fun and frolic; an eager, restless host of people was looking to them for counsel. They met in a common cause, and those from far ends of the New Country forgot the dividing line which had hitherto held them apart.

"I am not a Virginian, but an American!" cried Patrick Henry, and in that great crisis of their history the colonists felt that individual differences were merged in a common cause.

The Massachusetts delegates to this Congress were Samuel Adams and his cousin John Adams, a lawyer of great eloquence and an ardent patriot. The other leaders were busy at home, framing certain resolves for bettering the government of Suffolk County which included Boston and adjacent towns. These were called the "Suffolk Resolves," written by Dr. Joseph Warren, who dispatched them by Paul

Revere to the Massachusetts delegates in Philadelphia. Revere set out September 11, and accomplished the journey in his usual six days, over a road made unsafe by lurking Tories. At any moment he might feel a pistol at his head and a peremptory order to "stand and deliver." But the big, gray horse he rode had strength and endurance; like his master he never seemed to tire.

He reached Philadelphia on September 17, and on the same day the Resolves, ending with an appeal for help from the people of Boston to her sister colonies, were read in the Assembly, and produced a deep impression, for the Port Bill had left Boston in great stress and she had to depend largely upon charitable contributions from outside. The Congress immediately passed a resolve denouncing England's acts and indorsing the Suffolk Resolves. Samuel Adams wrote to the Bostonians, "I think I may assure you that America will make a point of supporting Boston to the utmost."

Paul Revere was sent back loaded with letters and important documents. These reassured the Boston patriots. Revere was again employed in October, when the Provincial Congress was sitting in Boston,

to carry messages to the Philadelphia Congress which was still in session; indeed, he went back and forth so often that only the most important rides are recorded. In Boston the coming of Paul Revere was always hailed with enthusiastic excitement; he always brought news of some kind, and eager crowds surrounded his horse or beseiged his doors. He knew more of current history than any man of his time; admitted to the councils of the mighty, he could put his finger on the pulse of the feverish nation. His intimate knowledge of the country, his frequent halts at wayside taverns where he fell in with all kinds of men, made his opinion of great value, while his indefatigable energy and indomitable courage were to be relied on through thick and thin. So it is small wonder that he was chosen for a certain ride which history recorded with a passing paragraph but which proved to be a most important and dangerous mission. This occurred on the December before the ride to Concord, and was a longer and more difficult journey than any he had yet undertaken.

Word had come to the Boston leaders of the King's decree that neither arms nor ammunition

should be shipped to the colonies. What did this mean? No man was safe in this new country without his gun at hand. The savages, though driven back into the forests, still showed their evil faces in the clearings made by the settlers. To deprive these men of their only means of protection would be but a step from murder. Yet what could they do? That stupid and obstinate King of England, who regarded the colonists as a set of wild animals, thought by depriving them of arms and ammunition that they might speedily be brought to terms. He little knew the stern spirit of resistance which had sprung up among these people who had fought for every inch of the ground they possessed.

The Committee of Safety set to work in earnest. The men who were secretly patrolling the town brought news to the Sons of Liberty that two regiments of British Regulars were about to march to Portsmouth Harbor, New Hampshire, to reënforce the garrison of Fort William and Mary. This colony, already a ship-building center, was beginning to stir uneasily. News traveled quickly from Boston, and Major John Sullivan, the patriotic leader, whose house stood on an eminence in the little village of

Durham, a few miles from Portsmouth Harbor, was equipping and drilling a band of eager men to be ready for the war which he thought must come. He was known to the Boston leaders as intrepid and daring, and devoted to the cause of the colonies. To him must fall the duty of surprising the handful of men in the fort, and seizing all the arms and ammunition, which it was most important that the patriots should have, in case of war. But how to warn him in time to accomplish this feat before the arrival of the British troops — that was the question, and there was only one man who could answer it.

"Revere! Revere!" called the Sons of Liberty, and he appeared at their bidding, booted and spurred for the ride, muffled in his great cloak and as well protected from the gripping cold as the anxious forethought of good Mistress Revere could devise. It was no easy matter — a ride through those frozen northern wastes — and it was more than sixty good miles, as the crow flies.

A man who journeyed in those days was perforce scantily provided with food; he usually carried dry bread with perhaps a flask of good ale or cider

to wash it down, but for his meat he had to depend on the game he found on the way. A hare or a rabbit or even a squirrel was enough to stave off hunger. On this freezing December ride, no doubt, he was well fed before he started, because haste was the watchword and the gray horse had much ado to keep his footing on the frozen road as he thundered along at the top of his speed, urged on by the spurs of his rider. Now he plunged and reared amid the crackling branches of undergrowth, now he pawed little frozen rivulets, now struggled in a deceptive snowdrift. But whatever the obstacle, he scrambled out of it — his head erect, his ears laid back, his glossy coat streaked with mud and foam — while again and again came encouraging pats and deep-voiced monosyllables from the man on his back, at which the good steed went faster, while the wind whistled about them and it grew colder and colder. But at last they came to a clearing and the weary rider saw the village of Durham just ahead of him. Before long, Revere was knocking at the door of the house on the hill, and he stumbled in upon Major John Sullivan, half-spent himself and his horse almost done for.

The lusty major was soon in possession of the message from the Committee of Safety and without delay set about collecting the four hundred men who were ready for any emergency. At nightfall the little company set forth as quietly as possible. The tiny village of Durham was spread out around the falls of Oyster River, a stream which flowed through the Piscataqua region into Portsmouth Harbor. To reach the harbor the men had to go down the river in boats called gondolas — a curious name for the clumsy little craft, for certainly they bore not the slightest resemblance to the boats on the canals of Venice. While these gondolas were neither graceful nor beautiful, they certainly had plenty of room for the stowing away of firearms and gunpowder.

Paul Revere stayed only to rest his horse; then he, too, galloped on toward Portsmouth, while the little surprise force crept quietly and cautiously downstream. As they neared the Portsmouth shore the stream became so shallow that the men were forced to wade through the water, and even while they walked it froze upon their feet. Then, when they reached the fort, they took off their heavy,

clumping boots that they might scale the ramparts without making a noise.

Within the fort were Captain Cochran and five soldiers, who immediately surrendered; and while the six were held as prisoners, the patriots worked hard and carried off one hundred kegs of gunpowder and a quantity of small arms, which they took in the gondolas back to Durham, having first released the captain and his men. Paul Revere's way lay naturally along the Durham road, and we may be quite sure that he lent a hand in burying the gunpowder under the pulpit of the old meeting-house in front of Major Sullivan's residence. This accomplished, the faithful messenger returned to Boston, arriving half frozen from his long and tedious journey, probably to be tucked in bed by the anxious Mrs. Paul, with hot bricks at his feet, and waited on by his admiring children who were then quite old enough to appreciate the work he was doing for his country.

This seizing of the gunpowder at Portsmouth was America's first act of open rebellion. The British were now thoroughly roused and orders were dispatched from London to seize all arms and ammuni-

tion to be found in the country. This order hastened Major Pitcairn's expedition to Lexington to seize the stores the patriots had collected, and the rest we know. During the battle of Bunker Hill, when the patriots' gunpowder gave out, the gunpowder captured at Portsmouth was taken from its hiding place and brought to the battleground in the ox-cart of an old farmer named John Demeritt, just in the nick of time. The last ounce of this famous gunpowder was used to shoot squirrels in 1800.

There was an attempt made by the English to seize some brass artillery at Salem, but that was frustrated by a committee of these six men: Joshua Brackett, Paul Revere, Ben. Edes, Joseph Ward, Thomas Crafts, Jr., Thomas Chase.

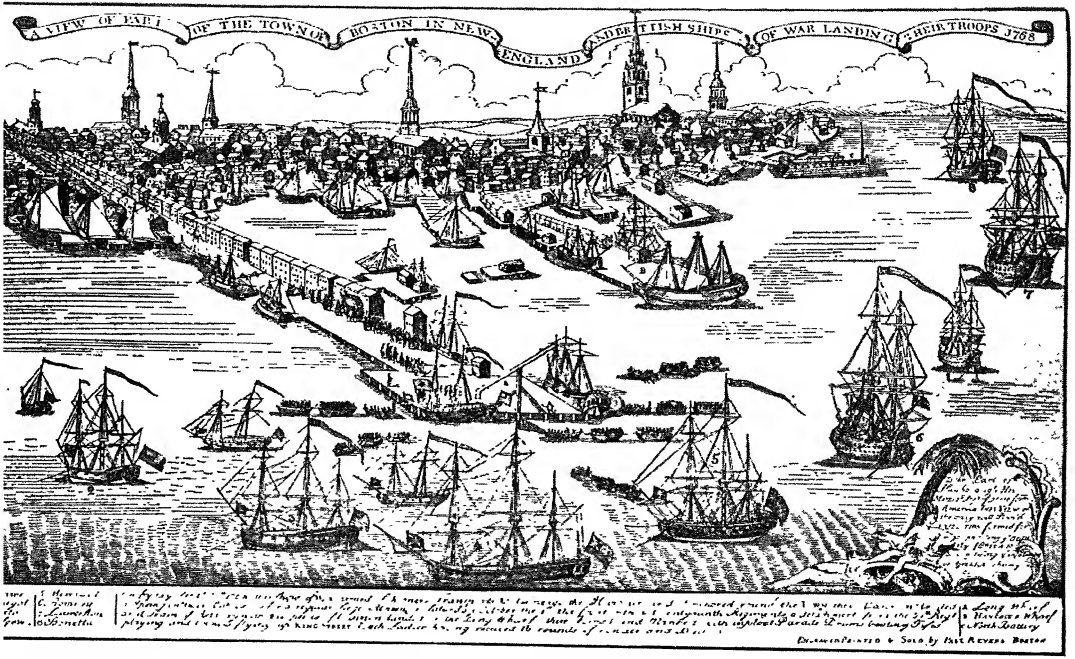
Indeed, we find the name of Paul Revere wherever there was need of caution, speed, and planning. His mind was quick to work, when great events were pressing.

Meanwhile, the spirit of the British soldiers gathered in Boston was enough to rouse the suspicions of the patriots. The soldiers were under daily drill, and incoming ships brought fresh regiments instead of produce to the starving Boston people,

for the port was still closed to commerce by order of the King. On the patriot side, also, there were preparations for some issue — they knew not what. The leaders and the orators had their hands full, but Paul Revere was the mouthpiece of the mechanics. He went among them and picked from their number thirty or more to secretly patrol the streets of Boston and bring to the Green Dragon Tavern — where the Sons of Liberty still congregated — any news which might be of importance and of service to the patriots.

Meanwhile, the troubled people met in the Continental Congresses and sent protest after protest to the King and his parliament. But the British government paid no heed to the warning. So far, not a shot had been fired, though the two sides had met, glared at each other, exchanged hostile words and threats, and then had gone their ways.

The New Year of 1775 came in as other years; the trade of Paul Revere still gave him an honest living, for so well did he keep his own council that it was not generally known abroad how closely his fortunes were linked with those of other patriots. He was at that time forty years old, a big, broad,



[ncoming ships brought fresh regiments instead of produce to the starving Boston people.

athletic man, who thought it no more than child's play to spring into the saddle and gallop off on some secret mission, the failure to accomplish which might have cost him his life, and he had much to live for. Besides his own large family, his mother was still alive, as well as several brothers and sisters, and he could count his friends by the hundreds. The town of Boston depended much upon his devotion and courage. While others talked, he acted, boldly and swiftly. To say that Paul Revere was charged with a mission meant that at any cost that mission would be accomplished, and in the struggle for independence the patriots' roll of honor would not be complete without his name upon it.

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THE STORY OF THE RIDE

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THE STORY OF THE RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.

IT was not the ride that was so unusual; we know how often the stalwart figure astride the gray horse was seen galloping across the country; but it was the fact of its being midnight; and the added fact that every care was taken to keep this ride a profound secret; to choose the darkness, under the very shadow of the British man-of-war then at anchor in Boston Harbor, shows at once the caution and the daring of a man to whom danger was as nothing when it was a question of serving his country.

It was on December 13, 1774, that Paul Revere's ride to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, put into the patriots' hands a quantity of gunpowder. This act so incensed the British that the soldiers in the colonies were ordered to seize all military stores.

In the meantime there had been born what was known as the Provincial Congress; it was nothing more nor less than an assembly of patriots in Massachusetts — the coming together of the Committee of Safety and the Sons of Liberty — for the purpose of opposing the tyranny of the British government. This Provincial Congress met in the summer of 1774, first at Cambridge, then at Concord, and John Hancock was chosen president. During the three sessions of this Congress, the breach between the colonies and the mother country became wider and wider. The first Congress adjourned on December 10, and between that date and February 1, 1775, the opening of the Second Provincial Congress at Cambridge, Boston was in a state of intense though smothered excitement. The arrival of so many soldiers had brought smallpox into the town, and on his return to Boston John Hancock was busily fighting the progress of the plague.

His own home, a handsome mansion near the Common, was a target for the King's army, which had camped there; and this, while exceedingly disagreeable, nevertheless had its advantages, for every movement of the soldiers could be watched from

behind its windows. Here John Hancock, then unmarried, lived with his aunt, Madam Lydia Hancock, and here came, as a frequent guest during that eventful winter, Miss Dorothy Quincy who afterwards became his wife. She has told us in her reminiscences that she could plainly hear, across Boston Common, Lord Percy's voice drilling the regulars.

The first session of the Second Provincial Congress lasted from February 1 to February 16, and Hancock, being aware of the warlike preparations going on in front of his house, decided that the four brass fieldpieces and two brass mortars belonging to the province had best be delivered at once, out of the hands of Colonel Robertson, the English officer who guarded them, and into the hands of the Committee of Safety. Hardly was this quietly accomplished when Governor Gage decided that the King needed those province guns, and sending his soldiers for them, found only the carriages on which they had been mounted. Well might the discomfited soldiers exclaim, "They are gone! These fellows will steal the teeth out of your head while you are keeping guard!"

The patriots took good care to hide these priceless cannon, and the soldiers sought in vain, raiding every house along their way. They knew that the gates had not been opened, because of an unbroken cobweb hanging over them; the other passageway was through a schoolhouse which they searched pretty thoroughly; one can imagine the suppressed excitement of scholars and teacher, for right in sight, in a box which Schoolmaster Holbrook used as a stool for his lame foot, lay the guns; and strange to say, this was the one hiding-place undisturbed. Those cannon were in service during the whole war, and two of them are now on the wall of Bunker Hill Monument. They have been named the Hancock and the Adams.

This capture, of course, enraged the British soldiers, and before the second session of the Provincial Congress Hancock's house was attacked by British officers and badly battered. This occurred on March 14; the next day the session began in Concord, and Hancock put his troubles aside for this was not the time for personal grievances; the shadows of coming events hung thick and heavy over the colonies.

On the morning of the second session of the second Provincial Congress, Hancock presided as usual and Samuel Adams was conspicuous in the assembly. Dr. Joseph Warren was left to watch in the encompassed and storm-tossed Boston, and Paul Revere became his right hand, at his service day and night. These two men were sorely troubled because some of the secrets whispered under the oath of silence among the Sons of Liberty had been betrayed to Governor Gage and his soldiers. Through the strongly bolted door and the barred windows of the Green Dragon Tavern a whisper had been carried. It was the voice of a traitor in their midst, and Warren and Revere, drawn closely together during this time of waiting and watching, put their wits to work to find out who could have done so base a thing. An honest Tory gentleman disclosed the name of their hidden foe, who was no other than Dr. Benjamin Church, one of the Sons of Liberty and a member of the Provincial Congress, where he sat day after day gathering what information he could to sell to Governor Gage. Dr. Warren and Paul Revere also learned that the British government had put a price upon the heads of

Hancock and Adams, as traitors to the King.

Warren's plain duty was to warn these gentlemen, who most likely had a pretty clear idea of the state of affairs for instead of returning to Boston between the first and second sessions they stopped over in Lexington, at the home of Hancock's cousin and her husband, the Rev. Jonas Clark. Here, also, in a great panic, came Madam Lydia Hancock and her young friend Miss Dorothy Quincy, who the keen old matchmaker was determined should become the wife of her nephew, though at the time of the old lady's flight from Boston she was wary enough not to mention this.

Meanwhile, this second session brought eager crowds to Concord. The little Puritan town was all astir with excitement, and gay coaches, bearing the members and their ladies, rolled along the highway toward the old Parish meeting-house where the sessions were held; the gentlemen in their bravest toggery and the ladies resplendent in laces and satins and powdered wigs; such state did they keep that the sober Puritan gasped with wonder at the display. At each meeting there was such clapping of hands and waving of three-cornered hats and

lace kerchiefs that even the simple Concord folk clapped and shouted lustily, throwing open their homes to the visitors, while their tables fairly groaned with good cheer; for however gaudy their dress, these strangers were patriots at heart, and so for four weeks this feasting and "speechifying" kept up.

On Saturday, April 15, the session adjourned to open May 15. The crowds began to leave Concord, the meeting-house was closed, the Puritans took off their "Sunday best" and went peacefully to bed, while Hancock and Adams returned to Lexington, as usual, to spend the night, and no one dreamed of what was going on in Boston, not twenty miles away.

Things had come to such a pass in the town that Paul Revere got together his band of thirty men, himself one of the number, and in small squads patrolled the streets all night; when one set of men grew tired, another set took their places; and so every movement of the soldiers and the Tories was reported to the Committee of Safety.

At last, on Saturday, April 15, the very day that

seven-inch mortars were ordered to Acton. It was then determined that all the available ammunition should be equally divided among the nine towns in the province, and that the provisions stored at Concord should be divided in like manner. Also, the Committee voted that the gunpowder should not be sent, as ordered, from Leicester to Concord, but that Colonel Barrett, who had charge of it, should have it made into cartridges; and that the musket-balls in charge of the same Colonel Barrett should be buried in some safe and secret place. Pickaxes, spades, shovels, axes, and other implements then at Concord were shared with two other villages. Medicine chests and linen were placed in every village, and eleven hundred tents were "deposited, in equal parts, in Worcester, Lancaster, Groton, Mendon; Leicester and Sudbury."

The transporting of the guns to Groton and Acton was enough to rouse people whose senses were on the alert, and this alone might account for the pouring out of the Minute Men from the neighboring towns in time to join in the fight at Concord Bridge; for that almost forgotten ride of April 16, with the consequent shifting of ammunition, was alarm

enough for the every-ready Minute Men. Doubtless, from that moment until the bells rang on the 19th of April, they slept in their clothes with their guns beside them.

History gives us many hints as to how the secret plans of the British soldiers became known to the patriots. It has been said that Mrs. Gage, wife of the General, betrayed her husband's confidence, she herself being an American and secretly in sympathy with the patriots; but it is far more probable that no private person was responsible for all this foreknowledge of the British movements.

The Boston patriots were on guard. Revere and his patrolmen had every exit from the town under strict watch, and no body of soldiers could hide their movements from such hawk-like vigilance. It did not take a brilliant mind to understand that the *Somerset,* the British man-of-war, had moved from the bay out into the Charles River in order to bring her guns in position to cover the ferry ways, making it a dangerous venture to cross to the opposite shore, and cutting off effectually, as the British thought, any attempt to communicate with the patriots on the other side of the river. If General Gage imagined

that eight hundred of his soldiers could march out of Boston unnoticed, he must indeed have miscalculated the intelligence of the men with whom he had to deal, men in whom the passion for liberty had become a ruling motive.

Paul Revere, from his own observation, knew more concerning the British troops than any one in Boston, and "on Tuesday evening, the 18th," he himself tells us, "it was observed that a number of soldiers were marching toward the bottom of the Common." This made it plain in Revere's quick-working mind that they were going to cross the river to Charlestown instead of marching around by the way of Boston Neck; therefore he knew, before the signals flashed out, whether they were going by land or sea. Revere's own account of his preparations for the ride which Longfellow's poem has impressed so vividly upon us is most interesting:

"About ten o'clock," he writes, "Dr. Warren sent in great haste for me, and begged that I would immediately set off for Lexington, where Messrs. Hancock and Adams were, and acquaint them of the movement, and that it was thought they were

the objects. When I got to Dr. Warren's house, I found he had sent an express by land to Lexington, a Mr. William Dawes."

This shows Warren's forethought in sending an express both by land and sea, hoping that one or the other would reach his destination. Paul Revere continues:

"The Sunday before, by the desire of Dr. Warren, I had been to Lexington to Messrs. Hancock and Adams, who were at the Rev. Mr. Clark's. I returned at night through Charlestown; there I agreed with a Colonel Conant and some other gentlemen that if the British went out by water we would show two lanthorns in the North Church steeple; and if by land, one as a signal; for we were apprehensive it would be difficult to cross the Charles River or get over Boston Neck. I left Dr. Warren, called upon a friend, and desired him to make the signals."

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,

Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Paul Revere then went home; that is all he tells us about that home-coming which might well have been his last; but the brave lady at home knew how much there was at stake, and she helped him without question as he made ready for the perilous undertaking. There were even chances of his capture, for his way lay across the river, within gunshot of the *Somerset,* and all depended upon speed and caution.

"I took my boots and surtout," he tells us, "and went to the north part of the town where I kept a boat; two friends rowed me across Charles River, a little to the eastward where the *Somerset* man-of-war lay."

These preparations were made more quickly than one might imagine, for Paul Revere always kept a small canoe "concealed in a dock at the north part of the town, and a riding-dress always in order to put on at a moment's warning."

Then he said "Good night" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore.

The story goes that " while he and his two comrades were on the way to the boat, it was suddenly remembered that they had brought nothing with which to muffle the sound of their oars. One of the men stopped at a certain house at the North End of the town and made a peculiar signal. An upper window was softly raised and a hurried colloquy took place in whispers, at the end of which, something white fell noiselessly to the ground. It proved to be a woolen undergarment, still warm from contact with the person of the little rebel." Paul Revere's grandson, Mr. John Revere, vouches for the truth of this story. The owner of the woolen petticoat was an ancestor of the late John R. Adan of Boston.

Another story is said to have come directly from Mrs. Mary Lincoln, daughter of Paul Revere: On reaching his boat Revere found he had forgotten his spurs. " Writing a note to that effect, he tied it to his dog's collar and sent him to his home in North Square. In due time the dog returned bringing the spurs."

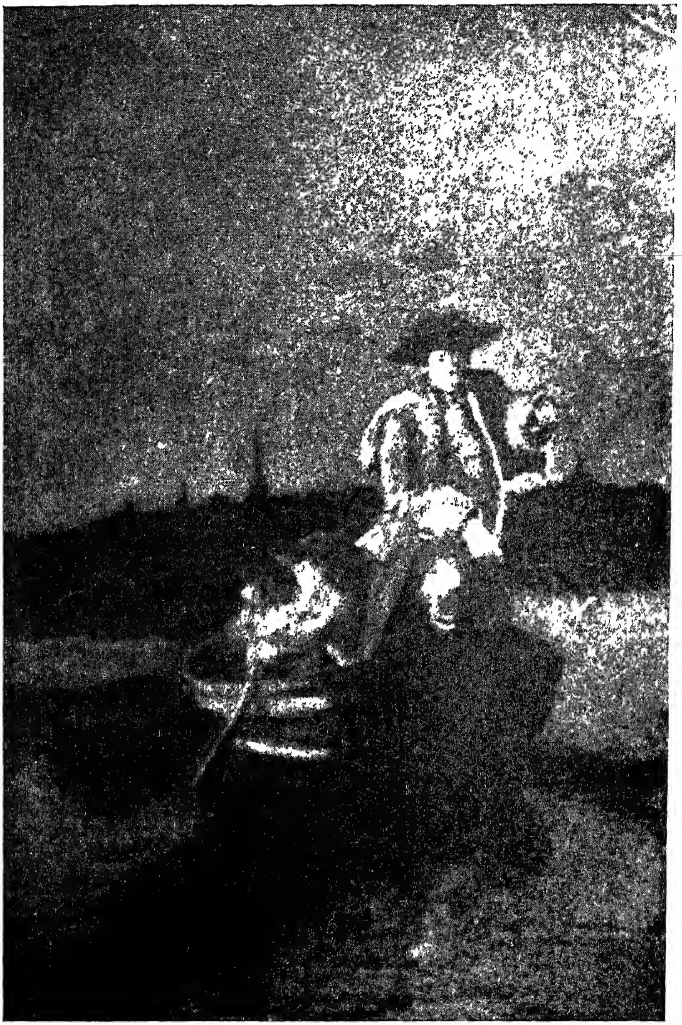
The moon was rising as they rowed past the *Somerset,* and such good time did they make that

they were nearly across the river before the sentinels received the order to prevent it. It must have been a breathless crossing. Not a word was spoken, scarce a movement was made, for the frail canoe was overloaded. There were few lights to guide them from shore to shore, and had it not been for the moonlight they would surely have missed their way. Yet the moonlight was something of a drawback, and Paul Revere had his pistol ready to use at a moment's notice.

Reaching the Charlestown side unhurt, Revere was met by Colonel Conant and several others who told him they had seen the signals. Revere then borrowed a good horse from Deacon Larkin of Charlestown and soon was off and away, galloping like the wind, on his ride to Lexington.

Longfellow has paused here much longer than did Paul Revere on that eventful night. The Poet says:

> Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
> Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
> On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
> Now he patted his horse's side,
> Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
> Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,



"It must have been a breathless crossing"

And turned and tightened his saddle-girth,
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full of his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

As a matter of fact, Paul Revere knew quite well before leaving Boston that the British were to go by water. The signals were not put there to inform him, but to warn the countryside. The faithful friend watched and waited in the "creepy" belfry until

— suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Without a doubt it *was* a "bridge of boats" for had he not met soldiers hurrying by in the streets and heard

The measured tread of the grenadiers,—
Marching down to their boats on the shore —

and was this friend not patriot enough to know why?

Paul Revere had received the hurry call from Dr. Warren at ten o'clock at night. In one hour's time he had made all his arrangements and had crossed the ferry. At eleven he was mounted and on his way to Lexington. He had been warned at Charlestown by Richard Devens, one of the Committee of Safety, that in coming from Lexington to Charlestown after sundown that evening he had met ten British officers — all well-mounted and armed — going up the road. Revere remembered this warning when a little way out of Charlestown, past Charlestown Neck, he met two British officers mounted and armed as Deven had described.

"One," he writes, "tried to get ahead of me, and the other to take me, but I turned my horse very quickly and galloped towards Charlestown Neck, and then pushed for the Medford road. The one who chased me — endeavoring to cut me off — got into a clay pond, near where the new tavern is now built. I got clear of him and went through Medford, over the bridge and up to Menotomy."

Those who have heard the stillness of the night

broken by the hard galloping of a horse can well imagine how the countryside was roused on that eventful night. At Medford he awoke the captain of the Minute Men and the bells began to ring the alarm; each village in turn caught it up, and its own bell pealed forth the message to its neighbor, until presently, in the sweet spring dawn of April 19, the clash of resonant sound woke the echoes of the wooded hills.

> Now Concord's bell resounding many a mile,
> Is heard by Lincoln — Lincoln's by Carlisle,
> Carlisle's by Chelmsford, and from Chelmsford's swell
> Peals the loud clangour of th' alarum bell,
> Till it o'er Bedford, Acton, Westford spreads,
> Startling the morning dreamers from their beds.

These were the towns directly in the line of his ride, and the Minute Men mustered at the call. It must be remembered also that the messenger, Mr. Dawes whom Warren had sent to Lexington by way of Boston Neck, roused in his turn all the farms and villages lying on the other side of Concord. But his journey, though a longer one, was free of danger, for all forces were now concentrating along the route Paul Revere had taken. No need for secrecy now. On, on, the good horse galloped, his

rider shouting his message as he went, the people coming out of their houses rubbing their sleepy eyes; the women, the very children, helping their men, while the messenger sped on.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night.

Certainly, Longfellow has painted vividly the picture of that daring ride, a far more beautiful picture than we have from the pen of one, Eb. Stiles, who wrote twenty years after the battle of Lexington,

> He spared neither horse, nor whip, nor spur,
> As he galloped through mud and mire,
> He thought of naught but liberty,
> And the lanterns that hung from the spire.

Somehow we like better to think that the good horse did not have to be thus goaded on his errand, but was a "steed flying fearless and fleet." We would rather imagine sparks struck out from the pebbles than have our hero wallowing in "mud and mire."

On reaching Lexington, Revere learned that Hancock and Adams were still with the little party at Mr. Clark's house. Mr. Dawes reached Lexington half an hour later, after an uneventful ride. On the evening of April 18, the guests at Mr. Jonas Clark's house had gathered around a cheerful fire, but they talked in low tones and their faces were grave. Boston was in sad plight, for the menace of the soldiers had sent people flying from the city. The clamor of the King's men for the two "arch traitors," as Hancock and Adams were called, struck terror to hearts of those who heard. When, after an evening of quiet talk, the household retired, they little knew of the events that were crowding about their very doors. Even then Paul Revere was riding through the night and

> It was one by the village clock,
> When he galloped into Lexington,

and dismounted at Mr. Clark's door. John Pierpont, a popular poet of the day, whose facts were truer than his rimes, wrote of the ride,

> The foremost, Paul Revere,
> At Warren's bidding has the gauntlet run
> Unscathed, and dashing into Lexington,

> While midnight wraps him in her mantle dark,
> Halts at the house of Reverend Mr. Clark.

Truly, a bold, unshaded picture of one of the great deeds in history.

He found the house guarded by eight men under Sergeant Munroe who begged him to make no noise. "Noise!" cried Paul Revere. "You'll soon have a *noise* that will disturb you all. The British troops are on their march and will soon be among you."

At this, Hancock, recognizing his voice, cried, "Come in, Revere, we're not afraid of *you!*" But Revere counseled prudence; if they stayed where they were, exposed to capture, many valuable lives would be lost and time wasted; he advised instant flight, away from Boston and its neighborhood, on towards Philadelphia and New York, where their services might be needed.

Stopping only to rest and feed his horse, he joined the other messenger, Dawes, and rode on to Concord to save the stores. They were overtaken by young Dr. Prescott, an ardent Son of Liberty, who had been to Lexington to visit the young lady to whom he was engaged, and was returning to Con-

cord. The three gentlemen, for safety, rode together, keeping a sharp lookout for the ten British officers of whom Paul Revere had heard at Charlestown. They determined to alarm every house they passed, and were nearly halfway to Concord before anything happened. At this point the narrative of Revere grows in interest.

"We had got nearly halfway," he writes. "Mr. Dawes and the Doctor stopped to alarm the people of a house; I was about a hundred yards ahead when I saw two men in nearly the same situation as those officers were, near Charlestown. I called for the Doctor and Mr. Dawes to come up; in an instant I was surrounded by four; — they had placed themselves in a straight road, that inclined each way; they had taken down a pair of bars on the north side of the road and two of them were under a tree in the pasture. The Doctor being foremost, he came up and we tried to get past them; but they being armed with pistols and swords, they forced us into the pasture; the Doctor jumped his horse over a low stone wall, and got to Concord. I observed a wood at a small distance, and made for that. When I got there, out started six officers on horse-

back and ordered me to dismount; one of them who appeared to have the command, examined me, where I came from and what my name was. I told him it was Revere. He asked me if it was Paul? I told him yes."

The following conversation is reported between the prisoner and his captors:

"Gentlemen, you have missed your aim," said Revere, "I left Boston after your troops had landed at Lechmere Point, and if I had not been certain that the people to the distance of fifty miles into the country, had been notified of your movements, I would have risked one shot before you should have taken me.

"I told him," continues Revere, "that their troops had catched aground in passing the river and that there would be five hundred Americans there in a short time, for I had alarmed the country all the way up. He immediately rode towards those who stopped us, when all five of them came down upon a full gallop. One of them, whom I afterwards found to be a Major Mitchel, of the 5th Regiment, clapped his pistol to my head, called me by name, and told me he was going to ask me some

questions, and if I did not give him true answers he would blow my brains out."

Then Revere was set upon his horse, his bridle put in the hands of a sergeant, and they rode back toward Lexington. Here they heard the militia firing and were greatly alarmed. At this point they made their prisoner dismount and give his horse to the sergeant, who turned his own loose and rode off, leaving Paul Revere to find his way, as best he could, back to the Clark house, where Hancock and Adams were preparing for flight. One account says: "Just then a church bell was heard; then another, when one of the Lexington prisoners said, 'The bells are ringing — the town is alarmed — you are dead men.' The frightened officers left their prisoners and fled towards Boston."

In the family of Captain Larkin Turner of Charlestown there is a tradition which states that "Deacon John Larkin's best horse was rode to its death by Paul Revere." But there is no doubt that the horse was alive when taken from Revere by the British officer. There is also no doubt that Revere did ride him hard, and he might have died from

exhaustion when in the possession of his new owners.

Revere accompanied Adams, Hancock, and Miss Dorothy Quincy — then engaged to Hancock — as far as Woburn Precinct, Burlington, where they received a hearty welcome at the precinct parsonage, but just as they were sitting down to a bountiful meal some one rushed in with a false alarm and the two patriots took to the woods. Guided by a negro slave named Cuff, they reached the home of one Amos Wyman, where they were very glad to eat a good, hearty meal of boiled salt pork, cold potatoes and brown bread, for by this time they were nearly famished. Later they made good their escape, but how long they remained in the seclusion of this forest hut is not known. The effort of their friends was to keep them out of the clutches of General Gage, whose one desire was to arrest them for high treason and send them to England for trial. Certain it is, however, that Hancock was a delegate to the Continental Congress which met in Philadelphia on the 10th of May, and as early as May 7 he wrote a letter to Miss Quincy, dated from New York; but prudence as well as many unforeseen events kept

both Hancock and Adams from entering Boston again until General Washington forced the British out and occupied the city.

Paul Revere and Mr. Lowell, one of Hancock's clerks, having left the fugitives at Woburn Precinct, returned to Lexington in order to get a trunk belonging to Mr. Hancock, which was in a certain room in the tavern. The trunk contained valuable papers. While doing this, they saw the British coming in full march. They caught up the trunk, escaping with it to Mr. Clark's house just as the British soldiers surrounded the meeting-house.

The old Clark house in Lexington is still standing, and a tablet bearing the following inscription has been placed upon it.

ENLARGED 1734.
RESIDENCE OF
REV. JOHN HANCOCK, 55 YEARS,
AND OF HIS SUCCESSOR,
REV. JONAS CLARK, 50 YEARS.
HERE SAMUEL ADAMS AND JOHN HANCOCK WERE
SLEEPING, WHEN AROUSED BY PAUL REVERE.
APRIL 19, 1775.

Paul Revere never reached Concord as Longfel-

low, with a poet's license, tried to tell us. Dr. Prescott, who had made his escape when the others were captured, arrived in time to join the Minute Men in defense of the brave little town which bore the brunt of the fray at the North Bridge. There many heroes fought and fell, for the Minute Men were all heroes, and a wonderful band they were. Each man of them went forth to battle for his home, to strike a blow for liberty, in the service of his country. They came from every farm and village in Middlesex County, and they opposed a solid front to the advancing columns of British regulars. Their leaders were all men of cool judgment, determined above all things not to fire first, and it is pretty safe to say that the British volleys drew the first blood of the Revolution.

History would have recorded a different and direful tale had it not been for Paul Revere's midnight ride. It would be too much to say that it won for us our independence, but it certainly gave the colonists a chance to show the English people that they were not to be trifled with, while the fight at Concord bridge made the British regulars a laughing stock for many a long year.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere!
And so, through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past
Through all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

VI

WHO HUNG THE SIGNAL LANTERNS?

VI

WHO HUNG THE SIGNAL LANTERNS?

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,—
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower — as a signal light.
One if by land and two if by sea —"

WHO was this "friend" in whom Paul Revere had such confidence, whose loyalty was so unquestioned as to be trusted with such an important commission as placing the lights? It is strange that his name was never mentioned by Paul Revere. At that time, of course, secrecy was the watchword, and for many years to come, to disclose the name of him who hung the lights would have been to deliver him over to the anger of the British. Paul Revere was a man to whom a pledge of secrecy was a pledge of honor, besides which, the mysterious hero may have had reasons of his own for concealing his identity.

Embedded in the tower of the Old North Church, or Christ Church as it is now called, is a large tablet of granite, bearing this inscription:

THE SIGNAL LANTERNS OF
PAUL REVERE
DISPLAYED IN THE STEEPLE OF THIS CHURCH
APRIL 18, 1775
WARNED THE COUNTRY OF THE MARCH
OF THE BRITISH TROOPS TO
LEXINGTON AND CONCORD

It seems strange, too, that Paul Revere, whose generous spirit never withheld just praise, should have neglected to bestow it where it was certainly deserved — that he should not have mentioned somewhere in his numerous memoranda the name of this friend and so set at rest the controversy between two families claiming the honor — the descendants of Robert Newman, at that time sexton of North Church, and John Pulling whose intimacy with Paul Revere dated from boyhood. The only reason for this reticence might have been the fact that Revere himself might have had his doubts as to who carried out his request. Sufficient that the lights flashed their message before he reached the Charlestown shore and warned the countryside.

Historians who have looked deep into the matter, give unstinted credit to Robert Newman for a deed which has been chronicled among deeds of heroism. They claim that Robert Newman being on the spot and a trusted servant of the Church certainly knew exactly how to get up to the steeple and place his lanterns without attracting notice; he was known also as a friend to the colonists, and while not personally intimate with Paul Revere, his two older brothers had gone to Master John Tileston's school with the goldsmith's son. Mr. W. W. Wheildon has dedicated his pamphlet, "History of Paul Revere's Signal Lanterns, April 18, 1775, in the steeple of the North Church,"

TO THE MEMORY OF
JOSEPH WARREN
WHO PROMPTED THE PATRIOTIC MOVEMENTS
OF APRIL 18
PAUL REVERE
WHOSE FORESIGHT PROVIDED FOR THE SIGNAL
LANTERNS
ROBERT NEWMAN
WHO DISPLAYED THE LANTERNS FROM THE
CHURCH STEEPLE
AND THEIR PATRIOTIC ASSOCIATES
THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR

All this shows very plainly his belief in Robert Newman and this seems to be the prevailing belief in Boston where every memento of the old Revolutionary sexton is treasured — and little sayings have been stored away in the memory of each succeeding generation of Newmans.

The historians argue, too, and wisely enough, that only the sexton could be sure of his footing high up in the belfry tower; every beam and rafter must have been familiar; and he was right on the spot, besides, which made it a much simpler matter, for with the British soldiers guarding the streets few could come and go without questioning.

Yet danger beset even the honest sexton if the family records tell us true, for he had been obliged to house some English officers and on this special night he was eagerly looking for a friend, a sea captain who had been waiting the movements of the Regulars.

In April, 1875, at the centennial celebration of the hanging of the lanterns, all honor was done to Robert Newman's descendants.

At the given hour " his direct descendant walked out of the vestry with his lighted lanterns and down

the crowded aisle up into the tower where, one hundred years after, he hung out the lighted memorial lanterns."

Rev. Henry Burroughs, the Rector of the church at that time (1875) gave a memorial sermon on the occasion and the decorous throng of worshipers quite lost their heads in the excitement as they lived over that never-to-be-forgotten time at Lexington and Concord.

"Mr. Newman," the Rector said, "succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his unwelcome guests, took down the church keys, and with two lanterns in his hand, went out, met his friend, heard the news he brought, opened the church door and locked it again after him, and went,

> By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread
> To the belfry chamber overhead.

The enthusiastic Rector further adds: "If Robert Newman's courage or patience, firmness or self-control had failed him for an instant, Paul Revere would have looked in vain across the dark waters at the tall steeple rising above Copp's Hill."

The good Rector allowed his imagination to soar in this eloquent paragraph. As a matter of fact we

know that the signals flashed out while Paul Revere was being rowed to the opposite shore, and on landing he learned from various people whom he met that the signals had been seen.

The Rev. Mr. Burroughs further tells us: "When his task was done, Mr. Newman came down, passed through the Church, jumped out of the window, went around through Unity and Bennett Streets to his house and succeeded in entering it without being observed. The British found him in bed. They arrested him and threw him into jail, but he had taken such wise precautions that nothing could be proved."

The weak point of this narrative seems to be that the British officers quartered in his house did not notice his absence at the time.

Perhaps the proud descendants of Robert Newman have the right of it — who can tell! The account of the hanging of the lanterns is very dramatic, and tradition has made a good story of it, but real history cannot be based upon tradition, which is all we have to go by. Consequently the counter claim of John Pulling's descendants cannot fail to be of interest.

"'By the trembling ladder so steep and tall
To the highest window in the wall.'"

WHO HUNG THE SIGNAL LANTERNS?

In 1876, one year after the centennial celebration in Christ Church, the Rev. John Lee Watson, a descendant of John Pulling, published in the *Boston Advertiser* an article, afterwards printed in pamphlet form, proving to his own satisfaction and that of his many followers, that John Pulling was the man who climbed,

> By the trembling ladder so steep and tall
> To the highest window in the wall.

He begins by tracing the movements on that most eventful night: "At ten o'clock Paul Revere was sent for by Dr. Warren, who informed him of the intended march of the British to Lexington and Concord and begged him to proceed immediately to Lexington to acquaint Hancock and Adams of the movement. He left Dr. Warren's residence in Hanover Street and then *called upon a friend* (his most intimate friend, John Pulling) and *desired him to make the signals.* (Paul Revere's oft-quoted words.)

Dr. Watson continues:

"No one who knows anything of Paul Revere will for a moment suppose that having been entrusted with an important duty, he would have com-

mitted this most perilous part of it to any one but a *friend* in whose prudence or courage he could confide for life or death. Such a man was John Pulling; he had been from boyhood his (Revere's) most intimate friend; he had shared with him in the hopes and fears and deep anxieties of Warren and Hancock and Adams and had been acquainted with their most secret plans for alarming the people about the intentions of General Gage.

"As soon as he received his notice he left his house and watching his time went over to the sexton's in the same street (Salem) and asked for the keys of the church which as he was a vestryman, the sexton could not refuse to give him. He then went into the church, locking himself in; and climbing to the upper window of the steeple, he there waited for a favorable moment and then hung out the signal of two lanterns as had been agreed upon by which those on the other side would know that the British were going by water. . . .

"When it was discovered by the British authorities that the signals had been made from Christ Church a search was immediately set, for the rebel who made them. The sexton of the church was

suspected and arrested. He protested his innocence and when questioned declared that the keys of the church were demanded of him at a late hour by Mr. Pulling, who being a vestryman, he thought had a right to them, and after he had given them up he had gone to bed again and that was all he knew about it." This answer was sufficient to procure his release and turn the search towards Mr. Pulling.

Certain it is that had the British for one moment suspected the sexton they would have made short work of him. His straightforward replies cleared him but John Pulling made his escape that very night having been warned by friends that he had better leave town as soon as possible with his family.

He escaped disguised as a laborer, in a small craft which landed him and his family at Nantasket, where they lived in absolute want until the siege of Boston was raised and they were able to return to the city.

Putting aside the traditions in his family, the Rev. Mr. Watson says: "And is it within the bounds of probability that the sexton of the church perhaps no better and no worse than sextons usually

were at that time — could have been such a friend of Paul Revere, and also an associate of Warren, Hancock and Adams, acquainted with all their secrets and sharing in their counsels? And I ask, Is there a man living in Boston, who, with all the knowledge we have of the truly noble character of Paul Revere, can believe, that he violated his solemn oath to Almighty God by intrusting to the sexton of the Church that secret which he had 'sworn upon the Bible he would discover to no one except to the Committees, Warren, Hancock, Adams and one or two others'"?

John Pulling was a Son of Liberty. Consequently he knew all the secrets of that secret body. He was a patriot at heart, so he needed no spur to this heroic deed.

In Paul Revere's personal account of the famous ride many years after, it seems strange that he, too, like the rest of the world, seemed to ignore the inestimable service rendered by the "friend" who hung out the signal lanterns, though he has carefully handed down to later generations the names of the two men who rowed him across the Charles River within gunshot of the *Somerset,* British man-of-

war — Thomas Richardson and Joshua Bentley, both of whom afterwards fought honorably in the Revolution.

Perhaps even at this early date the two rival families were disputing as to who hung out the lights. John Pulling died in 1787, four years after the close of the war, and as he was in exile many of the intervening years it was somewhat difficult to get at his version of the story. Just now the question is left with the descendants of both sides — all well-known, honorable people who glory in the deed as handed down from generation to generation. Many wise and logical arguments have been used to prove the claim of either one side or the other but always the question comes back to those who are outside the controversy — who, after all, really hung out the signal lanterns?

In none of the many able articles written on the subject has it ever been suggested that possibly the two men might have undertaken this duty in company.

Let us suppose, for instance, that John Pulling had been the " friend " to whom Paul Revere hurried on the night of the ride. The first idea, of

course, would have been to go to the church and get the keys from Robert Newman, the sexton. Newman himself said that John Pulling did this — so far, so good. Now the way of those old-time belfry stairs was a perilous way, and it is not to be imagined that even a venturesome person unacquainted with their unexpected windings and turnings could have reached "the highest window in the wall" in safety unless guided by some one to whom the ascent was familiar. What more natural than that the sexton whose sympathies were with the colonists, who knew in a vague unexplained way that something important was about to happen, should have offered to show the way and should also have insisted on carrying the lanterns which were to light the way to freedom? It not only seems possible that such a thing might have happened, but highly probable, for Robert Newman was fairly certain of Pulling's escape before he told about handing over the church keys. That his story was believed even by the suspicious British soldiers was proved by the fact that he was allowed to keep his position as sexton through all the excitement which followed, while John Pulling was disguised as a

laborer when he made his escape and did not dare to show his face in Boston for many a long day.

This is just one of the mysteries in which history sometimes veils herself. The fact is there — the glorious palpable fact that out into the night, that wonderful night when Paul Revere took the ride which decided the fate of a nation, flashed the warning lights upon the sleeping countryside. Fancy the moment — the shadowy houses in the roadside, their inmates wrapped in slumber, then the tramp, tramp, the pounding hoofbeats of Paul Revere's good steed; and as the roused people rushed into the open, there in the distant steeple the two lights told their story — the two lights like two stars of Heaven shining down upon the awakened New World.

After all, what does it matter who did it or how — so long as it was an accomplished fact? Some day, perhaps, when some ancient, forgotten record is unearthed, we may find the true story, but only Paul Revere really knew, and so far as we can glean and for what reason we will never understand, he kept that secret from the world.

VII

ACROSS THE RIVER

VII

ACROSS THE RIVER

DURING the days of excitement which followed the Battle of Lexington, Paul Revere remained quietly at Charlestown. He had passed through a period of almost incredible exertion and if, as tradition tells us, he rode Squire Larkin's horse to death, it is more than likely that he himself was worn out, not only with the hard riding, but from the unpleasant sensation of being several times jerked back as it were from the very jaws of death. Fortunately for him, there was nothing unusual in the staid, sober, and somewhat heavily built gentleman to excite suspicion, and though he was known to be an ardent patriot, it is doubtful if any save a few trusted friends knew of that wild ride of April 18, and how he had done everything in his power to aid the two "arch-traitors," as the English called Samuel Adams and John Hancock, in their flight across the country. But for his quick

thought and action the two leaders would surely have been trapped, loaded with chains, and shipped to London, which meant the Tower and the block.

As time went on, however, this trifling service was quite overlooked and the citizen soldier who longed so ardently for active duty in the Continental army found his request set aside or forgotten by the very men who but for him would not have lived to rule.

Meantime in Boston, after the return of the worn and jaded soldiers, dire confusion prevailed. The English rule pressed heavily upon the citizens, and Joseph Warren and the Committee of Safety had all they could do to keep the peace. Many families were eager to leave town, and among these very naturally was the family of Paul Revere, for it seemed probable that the head of the house would not be able to return, as there was work for him still to do, and rumor had it that Governor Gage was concentrating his forces in Boston and preparing for a possible siege of the city.

Passes were being issued for permission to cross the ferry and Paul Revere became anxious about the removal of his household. He fretted because he could not be on hand to superintend things, for our

patriotic mechanic had a fairly good opinion of his own powers, but he was blessed with an energetic wife who, the moment the die was cast, had begun active preparations to rejoin her husband. In this she was ably assisted by Paul, Junior, who was now nearing the age when he began to have serious thoughts of entering the army. The following letter from Paul, Senior, to his wife shows how very careful he always was about details, whether private or public.

"My dear Girl: he writes, [he punctuates and uses capitals at his own sweet will.]

"I received your favor yesterday. I am glad you have got yourself ready. If you find that you cannot easily get a pass for the boat, I would have you get a pass for yourself and children and effects. Send the most valuable first. I mean that you should send Beds enough for yourself and Children, my chest, your trunk with Books, Clothes and etc. to the ferry tell the ferryman they are mine. I will provide a house here where to put them & will be here to receive them. After Beds are come over, come with the Children, except Paul. pray order him by all means to keep at home that he may help bring the things to the ferry. tell him not to come

till I send for him. You must hire somebody to help you. You may get brother Thomas. lett Isaac Clemmons, if he has a mind to take care of the shop and maintain himself there. he may, or do as he has a mind. put some sugar in a Raisin cask or some such thing an such necessarys as we shall want. Tell Betty, My Mother, Mrs. Metcalf if they think to stay as we talked at first, tell them I will supply them with all the cash and other things in my power but if they think to come away, I will do all in my power to provide for them, perhaps before this week is out there will be liberty for Boats to go to Notomy, then we can take them all. If you send the things to the ferry send enough to fill a cart, them that are the most wanted. . . . I want some linnen and stockings very much. Tell Paul I expect he'l behave himself well and attend to my business, and not be out of the way. My kind love to our parents & our Children Brothers & Sisters & all friends."

It is curious to note the workings of this practical mind and if we pause for a moment to make the connecting links of capitals and forgotten punctuation marks, the clear concise directions stand out in bold relief, for, as we can imagine, Mrs. Paul with her big family had her hands full in making her

preparations for her flight across the river. The following letter shows how much dependence the older Paul placed upon the younger one:

" My Son,

" It is now in your power to be serviceable to me your mother and yourself. I beg you will keep yourself at home or where your Mother sends you. Dont you come away till I send you word. When you bring anything to the ferry tell them its mine & mark it with my name.

" Your loving Father,

" P. R."

Still one more letter from Mrs. Paul will give us some idea of the confusion that reigned in Boston Town fully two weeks after the British regulars had " fired and fled " back into the shelter of the city, and if even the Reveres were stirred out of their usual calm, one can easily imagine the panic that possessed the staid and sober inhabitants. The harassed lady wrote as follows:

" Boston, 2 May 5 o'clock afternoon 75.

" Dear Paul,

" I am very glad to hear you say you are easy for I thought you were very impatient but I cannot say

I was pleased at hearing you aplyed to Capt. Irvin for a pass as I should rather confer 50 obligations on them than to receive one from them. I am almost sure of one as soon as they are given out I was at Mr. Scolay's yesterday and his son has been here today and to tel me he went to the room and gave mine and Deacon Jeffers name to his Father when no other person was admitted. I hope things will be settled on easier terms soon. I have not received a line from you to say till this moment why have you altered your mind in regard to Pauls coming with us? this Capt. Irvin says he has not received any letter and I send by this 2 bottles beer 1 wine for his servant. [Sly Mrs. Revere! She was using a little bribery to hurry this issuing of her pass.] do my dear [she continues] take care of yourself. . . . you should be glad to know that your coat is well made — John did not incline to cloth and I spoke to Mr. Boit he engaged to make it if he could not get a pass but as he has that in prospect he cannot I have got a woman to make Pauls in the house and if you choose I will ask John to cut it and get her to make it she is a very good workwoman. . . .

"Yours with affection,

"R. REVERE."

A certain Ezra Collins who wrote to Charlestown to ask some favor of Paul Revere adds in a postscript. "Mrs. Revere expects a pass this morning" and the following note confirms this statement:

"Mr Rievere,—We have waited since eleven oclock in Expectation of Thomas Anjous arrival at the Chas Town Ferry. You will please Sir to send over word by the next Boat whether he is coming & what time he will be ready to come over —Mrs Rievere Informed Capt Irving this morning (by me) that you had some Veal & Beef to send over which will be very acceptable. we are ready to receive Mr. Anjou when he comes & Capt Irving would be glad you would hasten his coming as much as possible

—"There is a pass ready for Mrs. Rievere, Family & Effects, as soon as Thomas Anjou comes over

"I am S^{r} y^{r} Humble Servt

"Jas Singer, Serg't 27th.

"By Desire of
Capt Irving
Ferry ¼ past 1 oclock
To Mr Rievere
Chas Town."

Now whether this Thomas Anjou referred to in the letter was held on the other side of the river as a sort of hostage until Mrs. Revere had secured the promised passes, history does not tell us; all that we know for certain is that some time during the first week in May the family was reunited, and shortly after, Paul Revere's talent as an engraver was called into active service.

There was no doubt that the open rebellion on the part of the colonists would not end with the skirmish at Concord Bridge. Both sides had now determined to fight it out to the finish and while the English were well armed, well drilled, well provisioned, and well-to-do, the Americans lacked everything — even the common currency to trade among themselves. It was necessary to provide some sort of paper money for this purpose since there was such a shortage of gold and silver. The soldiers who volunteered their services at the commencement of hostilities had left their families without support and were clamoring for pay, so the Continental Congress then in session in Philadelphia decided to issue bank notes representing the sum of £100,000, and Paul Revere was waited upon by a committee of the

Provincial Congress which was sitting at Watertown, who asked him if he would be willing to undertake the engraving of these notes, as in all the colonies there were none so skilled in this work as himself. So a copper-plate was procured on which Paul Revere engraved his designs, and he also made a press which was set up in the house of one John Cook who also lived in Watertown and who was paid the enormous sum of twelve shillings "for the use Mr. Revere made of his house whilst he was striking off the colony notes therein." It is still standing, this first treasury building of America, and looks like a thousand other old-fashioned New England homesteads, bare-looking and uncomfortable, bereft of porch or gallery and hinting of horsehair and hard uncompromising wooden chair-backs in the front "best room."

The notes were ordered on May 3, 1775, and with his customary energy the engraver fell to work. He became for the time being a most important personage, being guarded while he printed the notes which represented a great deal more money than the needy colonists held in their treasury, but as the gold and silver necessary to redeem them did not have to

be paid out until June 1, 1777, the notes in the meantime could have free circulation among the people and stood, for them, in the place of the gold and silver which were so scarce.

The study of a nation's money affairs is such an interesting one that it seems a pity that our young Americans have so little knowledge of how the public purse strings are worked. But in Paul Revere's time it was a simple problem; the colonies were poverty-stricken, and as they had no real money to speak of they needed at least something to represent it, and Paul Revere's paper money was the next best thing. These notes, for each one of which a special copper-plate had to be engraved, were of four various sums, from £4 up and from six shillings up, and the busy engraver and printer had to work day and night until all the notes were struck off. The shilling notes were called "soldiers' notes," ranging from six to nine, twelve, fourteen, fifteen, seventeen, eighteen, and twenty shillings, and there were over four thousand notes of each denomination, while Congress clamored to Mr. Revere "to attend to the business of stamping the notes for the soldiers all the ensuing night if he can and to finish them with

the greatest dispatch possible," also desiring him to take care "that he does not leave his engraving press exposed when he is absent from it," for counterfeiters were abroad and any clever rascal could work the simple press they used in those days.

As soon as that first printing was done, the Continental Congress took charge of those precious copper-plates and Paul Revere rendered for his invaluable services the following very moderate bill:

The Colony of Massachusetts Bay,
To Paul Revere, Dr.

1775		
June 22	To Engraving four copper plates for Colony notes at £6 each.....	£24.0
	To printing 14,500 Impressions at £3, 6, 8 per Thousand	£48.6.8
		£72.6.8

Congress argued and bargained him down to fifty pounds, and we have no record of any further opposition on his part, for after that he was constantly employed. His next issue of notes being called "sword in hand money" from the fact that on the back of each bill was the figure of an American with a sword in his right hand, bearing the Latin inscrip-

tion: *Ense Petit Placidam Sub Libertate Quietam* (meaning: by the sword he seeks repose, settled under liberty). In his left hand he held the famous Magna Charta, every free-born citizen's privilege from the time of King John of England. Around the figure were these words, "Issued in defense of American Liberty." All this, be it remembered, was Paul Revere's design, but so accustomed were his contemporaries to his ingenuity that they regarded the work he did as a matter of course, never pausing to consider that there were few, if any, among the colonists who possessed this remarkable artistic talent as well as the gift of invention.

Many of these notes and bills have been preserved and also the copper-plates from which Paul Revere printed and reprinted many hundreds of thousands of American money, and the national credit was upheld by his skilled aid. Yet later, in 1791, when the government established a national mint and he applied for a position of trust in that department, Fisher Ames, the Massachusetts Representative in Congress, to whom he wrote, put him off with this reply — as quoted from his letter:

"The Secretary of State in one of his reports

has advised having the coinage under the immediate direction of Government and recommends a man who probably would be employed. However, your known ingenuity might qualify you for it. The circumstances will not much encourage the hope of an appointment."

This to a man who had come to his country's help at every turn — his ingenuity was carelessly recognized, but the bravery, the patience, the perseverance, and the indomitable energy which had been such a support in the hour of need were forgotten when citizen Paul Revere sued for a favor from the hands of Congress and was passed by.

In August, 1775, Paul Revere engraved the seal used by the colony — the same man with the sword and the Magna Charta in his hands — which they used until Massachusetts became a state in 1780, when Revere made the seal they use to-day, which was accepted as "the Arms of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

Indeed this master mechanic was never idle. Even during those hard days he plied his trade as gold- and silversmith, for the future was uncertain and this provident patriot did not wish to feel that

should any accident happen to him, his family would have to struggle for existence. Many have hinted that he feathered his own nest, but this was far from the truth; he gave honest work for poor pay, and service for his country and his state came before all else. His reward came later when a poet sang his praises in immortal verse and made him a hero.

VIII

GUNPOWDER

VIII

GUNPOWDER

PAUL REVERE appears to the "mind's eye" of most of us as Longfellow painted him — astride a galloping horse and rushing through the night. With this portrait before us we are apt to sympathize too much with the patriot's disappointment over not receiving a commission in the Continental army and his chagrin in later years that even farmers of lowly origin had won for themselves great distinction and high rank as soldiers, while at the close of the Revolution he found himself merely a Colonel of the State Militia and even for that title he had to fight public opinion to prove his honor and bravery.

He failed to recognize a fact which we must not overlook in the study of his life. Paul Revere had a healthy, good opinion of himself; he knew he was efficient in many directions and took an almost child-like pride in his many accomplishments, but he never

realized that this very efficiency was the greatest drawback to his military advancement. The wise and far-seeing patriot leaders recognized, if he did not that he was too useful, too valuable a man to risk upon a battlefield. There were too many things he could do in times of need. He had proved this in varied ways by always coming forward in an emergency, and after he had successfully supplied the colonists with paper money another and still greater need sprang up to confront the struggling nation — the need of gunpowder.

Some of his most important and least mentioned rides had been taken to scour the country for it, and no one knew better than Revere himself the fearful lack of this most necessary commodity. Without money to supply their simple wants, the soldiers *would* not fight; without ammunition they *could* not fight; so while our patriotic engraver was working day and night to supply the bank notes, his active mind was planning ahead on the gunpowder problem.

The money was ready for the soldiers before the Battle of Bunker Hill — but alas for the gunpowder! All the personal bravery in the world

could not still the rattle of British musketry and the booming of their guns. Colonel Prescott tried to save the already scarce powder for vital moments when the redcoats came within easy range but even his carefully hoarded supply gave out at last and the day was lost. Had this battle ended with victory for the Americans the history of the Revolution could have been written in a few pages, for another defeat would have disheartened the British. As it was, learning where lay the weakness of the enemy, they resolved to make the most of it and to secure from every part of the country all the remaining gunpowder and to order from England quantities of stores and ammunition.

In dire extremity Congress turned to the one man who was always ready.

"We want gunpowder," they said to Paul Revere.

"You shall have it," replied that most obliging gentleman, and forthwith set to work.

He knew enough of chemistry and practical mechanics to help him in his undertaking but what he needed most of all was to see a powdermill in operation.

The only one in active service at that time was one near Philadelphia at a little place called Frankfort, and the Provincial Congress lost no time in sending him to the city to make observations and learn the art himself if he could. He was instructed to make inquiries and to possess himself as quietly as possible of all the knowledge he could obtain, without exposing the fact that the colonial powder was running low. He was to obtain an exact plan of the best constructed powdermill and find out just how much powder could be made per day, and at what expense, also what would be the charge of hiring some skilled man to help in the manufacture. He also carried letters to the Massachusetts members of the Continental Congress begging that they would lend Mr. Revere what assistance they could in his investigations.

Armed with this authority, Paul Revere set out for Philadelphia, as usual on horseback, loaded besides with official documents from the Provincial Congress to be delivered to the various gentlemen representing Massachusetts in the Continental Assembly. Indeed, could his stout saddlebags have been examined there would have been found an

amazing medley of correspondence, both public and private, for he was still acting as the express for the various committees and many an eager lady had her husband's thick budget of a letter signed and sealed and tied in a packet, "if Mr. Revere had room to carry it and perhaps he would tarry long enough on his mission to bear back the answer." And sometimes some shy maid would slip in a love letter or some gay coquette would beg that if he saw a bright bit of ribbon in the shops he would bring it back to her, and there were orders for herbs and lotions and what not, and doubtless a long memorandum list from his own thrifty wife for it may well be imagined that such a houseful of young Reveres was continually out at toes or elbows. There was always a crowd of eager and anxious people around him as he set forth, and prayers were sent after him, for there was no telling what dangers and pitfalls lurked in waiting for him on the highroad or through the forests. But Paul Revere bore a charmed life. Nowhere has there been recorded any adventure that menaced his safety except in the single instance of his capture by the British during the Battle of Lexington. Doubtless he took pre-

cautions for he was too well known and altogether too dangerous an enemy to expect mercy if made a prisoner; probably his heaviest traveling was done at night, for in the friendly darkness a fleet, sure-footed horse and a rider who knew the country could cover many miles.

Arriving in Philadelphia safe and sound, he went at once to see John Hancock, the president of the Continental Congress, and explained his mission. Hancock put the matter in the hands of Robert Morris and John Dickinson, both Philadelphians and ardent patriots, who wrote a straightforward letter to Mr. Oswell Eve, the owner of the powder-mills. They explained that Mr. Paul Revere of New England was coming to visit the mills in order to make observations. The people of New England were anxious to erect a powdermill of their own — one which could not possibly affect his manufacture, and Congress hoped that Mr. Eve would show public spirit and give Mr. Revere such information as will enable him to construct the business on his return home." But they were doomed to disappointment. Mr. Oswell Eve was not very obliging. Perhaps he was not so public-spirited as Mr.

Robert Morris hinted; perhaps, as very often happened, Congress was not provided with enough funds to pay generously for such favors. At any rate, for whatever reason, the owner of the powder-mill turned surly; Mr. Revere was not a welcome visitor and no assistance whatever was given to him. He received no instruction at all; he was merely allowed to pass through the premises and glean what he could in that fashion. But Mr. Oswell Eve mistook his man; the wide-awake trained eyes of Paul Revere missed nothing of the necessary details, and after lingering in Philadelphia a short time longer to study out the subject from the mental notes he had taken, he decided to return at once to Massachusetts and start building a powdermill, for there was really a great clamoring for more powder from every quarter.

Canton, Massachusetts, was the place selected for the work on account of an abandoned powder-mill there which could be rebuilt. By order of the General Court, work was at once begun, in February, 1776, and was finished in May. Then Revere took charge, and so well had he grasped his subject that he was able in a very short time to

supply the Continental army with tons of gunpowder.

This was by no means an easy task. It involved much study, much patience, and a vast amount of personal bravery, for gunpowder was a dangerous proposition even with an expert to handle it. Indeed, in 1779, this very powdermill was blown to atoms, but by that time, fortunately, not only had France come to America's help, sending her money and supplies, but on the high seas many rich prizes of guns and ammunition had fallen into our hands, while other colonies, following the example of Massachusetts, erected their own powdermills and made their own supply.

There is an interesting drawing of a queer old vessel known as " Revere's Powder Proof " which was used at the Canton mill for the trial of gunpowder and it seems more than a mere coincidence that in later years the Revere Copper Company's works were established at Canton, Massachusetts.

While Paul Revere was still busy with the manufacture of gunpowder, Boston was evacuated by the British and, on their way out of the harbor, they tried to ruin the cannon at Castle William and other

fortifications. Indeed they left them in such a state that at Washington's request Revere was sent for to repair the damages and he also invented a new carriage for them. It was while engaged on this work that a regiment of artillery was formed for the defense of the town, with headquarters at Boston, and on April 10, 1776, he was made a Major in the First Regiment of Militia; a month later he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and transferred to the Artillery Regiment; while Paul Jr. was made a Lieutenant in the fourth company of the same regiment at the age of sixteen.

A short time after the manufacture of gunpowder was established in Massachusetts, Paul Revere was called upon for an even more important service — to superintend the casting of cannon. Congress must have had unusual confidence in his skill and accuracy, to judge by the following from the War Office, December 28, 1776.

"Ordered

"That Mr. Thompson use what stuff he has in possession belonging to this state so far as is necessary for casting the brass cannon under the direction of Col. Revere."

By this time the turn of fortune's wheel had brought the Reveres with many other refugee families back to Boston, which ever after remained in the hands of the patriots. The citizens were arming for state protection and Paul Revere's life was one busy round of active service from morning till night. We may be sure, too, that the shop was not neglected, for no man had a stronger sense of what he owed his family and although constantly in demand by Congress for this thing or that, and though his military duties kept him bound most of the time, he yet managed to make himself a power in his household and among his friends and his brother mechanics. Of all of the Boston patriots he was the one who had his finger on the pulse of the people. James Otis might charm by his oratory, the Adamses might plan and build, John Hancock might lure with his wealth and position, but it was Paul Revere who moved the masses, who showed them by example what an able-bodied mechanic could do for his country, and they listened to him in time of stress and trouble as they listened to no other for he was just one of them and " fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

So Paul Revere was asked, or rather he was ordered, to superintend the making of the cannon. Even to-day, with all our modern facilities, the casting of cannon is a stupendous and thrilling undertaking; a shade too much heat, a shade too much cold, will undo all the careful and precise calculations of science, and as we know, in many instances the failure of the "big gun" to make good at its trial results often in death and disaster.

How difficult then must have been Paul Revere's task — for here were missing both the steam and electricity which in these days are indispensable! The only heat obtainable was fire, but it required unheard-of vigilance to fan the flames into a steady glow and to keep the heat up to the even temperature required. Everything was crude — made to suit the needs of the moment — and the materials used in the casting would be brushed aside by the modern gunmaker who uses only carefully tempered steel and iron while Congress in its plight used whatever it could get in those Revolutionary times.

Of course the guns were only made for four-pound shot and many of them were of brass, of

which material there was a far greater quantity for patriotic dames threw their treasures into the melting pot when the supply ran low.

The testing of these guns required great caution and skill, but there is no record of Paul Revere having failed in his experiments. Neither was there any unusual mead of praise for this man who could do so many things so wonderfully well. The truth was that the people of Massachusetts were so accustomed to seeing this master workman come forward at every emergency that the offer of his valuable services was accepted quite as a matter of course.

Indeed in the case of Paul Revere we can plainly see that "A man is never a prophet in his own country" and in his own century. We recognize him now as a perfect genius of handicraft and cannot help picturing to ourselves what he would have done if he had found himself on earth in this century of modern invention — how his boy's soul would have rejoiced in the countless opportunities for exercising his quick wit and his skillful fingers! What a help he would have been as "right-hand man" to Thomas A. Edison, for instance. It is doubtful

if even he himself fully realized his remarkable gifts. Not that he was overmodest but he looked upon such practical service as he rendered his country as part of his trade, and history is only too anxious to record that he was not moderate in his charges.

He gave a great deal but he expected fair wages in return, and there was something in the stalwart presence of this man with his square jaw and determined chin that compelled the payment of what was due him, both in money and appreciation.

So far, Paul Revere had seen little or no active service in this war for liberty. He had made both guns and gunpowder but except in trial tests he had had no occasion to use them. The time had now arrived when as Lieutenant Colonel of an artillery regiment he was ordered to the north woods on an important mission, and for a time thereafter heavy shadows hung about this expedition—shadows not of his own making, but none the less heavy for all that.

IX

THE PENOBSCOT EXPEDITION

CHAPTER IX

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FROM 1777 until 1779 we hear seldom of the State regiment and then, probably because there was so little activity at Castle William where they were quartered, a great many of the soldiers deserted and were taken on board the frigates *Providence* and *Boston,* far preferring active service to idleness at the fort. No doubt their commander, Paul Revere, quite agreed with them, but he was bound in conscience to report them. Near the end of March he wrote to the Council giving the names of the deserters and requesting "Their Honors" to forbid the marine officers to take their recruits from them.

The Council at once ordered the commanders of these vessels to restore the men to "Lieut. Col. Paul Revere, Commanding officer of sd. Regiment" and ordered Colonel Revere not to allow either of these vessels to pass the Castle until the men were de-

livered; at the same time to put the island in a state of defense and to call for whatever ammunition and provisions he needed; for it might be necessary to use force to recover his men. It is interesting to note that in arranging for the defense of Castle Island Paul Revere writes to the Council:

"I have got a part of the *Somerset's* guns on the platform and shall get the remainder as soon as possible."

The *Somerset,* it may be remembered, was the British man-of-war guarding the Charles River on that eventful "18th of April in Seventy-five" when Paul Revere slipped over to Charlestown under the very noses of those guns which he was now mounting with so much pride on the ramparts of Castle William. The ship had taken active part with the British fleet in the Battle of Bunker Hill, but in November, 1778, she was wrecked in a gale near Race Point, Cape Cod. Sixty or seventy of the crew were drowned and the rest surrendered themselves as prisoners of war to the United States; and so it happened that the twenty-one 32-pound guns belonging to the ship were mounted at Castle William.

Revere, as ordered, kept a sharp lookout for the two frigates on which the deserters had taken refuge. On April 9, 1779, he wrote from Castle Island:

"Sir: — I have received out of the Providence Frigate fifteen men; they sent ten of them on shore, but I was obliged to fire at, and bring her too before I could get the other five."

So active was he in stopping all ships that passed the fort, that very soon he was able to recover all his deserters. He could not blame these poor men very much, for the home regiment was poorly fed and poorly clothed and this no doubt added to their discontent; they had grown restless from inactivity, envying the soldiers at the front the privilege of fighting and, if need be, dying for their country. But so stern were Paul Revere's ideas of military duty that desertion and insubordination were inexcusable — even though these men were only courting danger and not running away from it.

Consequently, when the disastrous campaign called the Penobscot Expedition drew down censure on both officers and men, we may be quite sure

that the "somebody who blundered" was not our sturdy patriot who always drew such a heavy boundary line between right and wrong.

The British had taken possession of one of the little peninsulas on the coast of Maine, called in Revolutionary times Maja-Bagaduce, now better known as Castine, a little shipping port on the east side of Penobscot Bay. To the state of Massachusetts was given the task of storming and taking this stronghold, and accordingly, on June 26, 1779, the Council Chamber of Boston issued orders to Col. Revere to hold himself and a hundred matrosses [assistant gunners] and other officers in readiness to embark at an hour's notice "for the defense of this State and to attack the Enemy at Penobscot under the command of General Lovell."

The rather obscure wording of this order leaves one in doubt as to whether General Lovell was on the side of the besiegers or the besieged. There was no doubt, however, in Paul Revere's mind, for Brig. General Solomon Lovell was well known both as patriot and soldier. Brig. General Peleg Wadsworth was second in authority. The fleet which was to accompany the force was commanded by

Commodore Dudley Saltonstall and Lieutenant Colonel Revere commanded the train of artillery.

From the time the army reached the Maine woods, Paul Revere, knowing the temper of his own men and seeing how little sympathy there was between the officers and their commands, strongly opposed storming the enemy; indeed this was the general opinion of the commanding officers who were being constantly summoned to councils of war where plans were freely discussed; but nothing came of them. At last, having wasted much time in useless bickering, for there was much rivalry and friction among the officers themselves, the siege was decided upon. It commenced as soon as they arrived before Bagaduce, July 25, 1779, and lasted until August 13, ending in the "utter and ignominious defeat of the besiegers." The British simply sat in their stronghold and laughed at the feeble efforts of their foes, and watched them turn and scatter in great confusion and consternation. Who was responsible for this catastrophe none could tell. The general opinion of the commanding officers was that there were neither enough men nor stores; added to which the troops were undisciplined and

insubordinate. The wood where the greater part of the force was encamped was so thick that at the slightest alarm at least a fourth of the army could skulk out of sight and danger. From the first, disaster seemed inevitable. Commodore Saltonstall, esteemed a brave and judicious commander, showed an unwillingness to fight, probably due to the fact that six of his captains reported that their men were on the verge of deserting; however that may be, the blame for the failure of this important expedition was laid by his contemporaries at his door for it seemed almost unbelievable that our seventeen armed ships should have been routed by four ships of the enemy.

It appears that the ordnance brig which carried Col. Revere's troops with his artillery and ammunition was entirely deserted by the other ships which simply turned tail and fled. Paul Revere himself, who at General Lovell's side had gone ashore at Fort Pownal to see about the placing of some cannon, was separated from his command. This brig, which in case of a land attack was the sole dependence of the army, made her way up the river alone as well as she could, but was finally boarded and

burned with all her contents. Many of the transports deserted by the men-of-war which should have shielded them got aground pursued by the British ships, and the soldiers were obliged to take to the shore and set fire to their vessels. It was a terrible day of shame and defeat and caused great excitement in the state of Massachusetts. The Court of Inquiry which gave the case a careful hearing reported that "want of proper spirit and energy on the part of the commodore" was the cause of the failure, while General Lovell was exonerated from all blame, being esteemed always "a brave, patriotic and skillful general." Paul Revere, upon his return from this unlucky venture, was ordered to resume his command at Castle William, but shortly after, on the complaint of Thomas Jenness Carnes, Captain of Marines "on Board the Ship-of-War General Putnam against Lieu^{t}. Colonel Paul Revere for disobedience of orders during said expedition [to Penobscot] for unsoldierlike behavior tending to cowardice and disobedience of his Superior officer," he was directed "to resign the Command of Castle Island and other Fortresses in the harbor of Boston to Captain Perez Cushing and . . . repair

to his dwelling house in Boston and there continue until the matter complained of can be duly enquired into or he be discharged by order of the General Court or the Council." This was on September 9, 1779. Three days later the Council declared it unnecessary to arrest Col. Revere but asked him to hold himself in readiness to appear before the Council whenever summoned.

In the meantime the angry patriot wrote a vigorous denial of all of Captain Carnes' accusations. Indeed it seemed almost preposterous, when we think of what this brave man had dared and ventured for liberty, that he should fly at the first danger signal. With characteristic energy he began to gather evidence to vindicate his honor, and his chief witness was his own carefully kept diary which disproved all of the charges against him.

It leaked out that Revere had a personal enemy in camp, a certain Captain Todd who unfortunately had joined the expedition and who was acting as Brigade Major to General Lovell. The man was very much opposed to both the artillery corps and its commander and there is little doubt that he did all in his power to injure them. As it was, Revere

in his diary not only records every incident of the siege but takes pains to show that as he was not within reach of his superior officers he therefore could not receive orders from them; he adds in his testimony before the court-martial upon which he had insisted:

"That I did go up the River has been fully proved. That I came home without his [General Lovell's] orders is true: where could I have found either the General or Brigadier, if it had been necessary to have orders: the first went one hundred miles up Penobscot River and the other went down, and I crossed the woods to Kennebeck River. My instructions from the Hon. Council to which I referred above directs that I shall 'obey General Lovell or other of *no* Superior officers during continuance of the Expedition.' Surely no man will say that the Expedition was not discontinued, when all the shipping was either taken or burned and the artillery and Ordnance Stores all destroyed. I then looked upon it that I was to do what I thought right. Accordingly I ordered them (my men) to Boston by the shortest route, and that Capt. Cushing should march them, and give certificates for their

subsistence on the road. Why such instructions were given me some of your Honors are the best Judges.

"As I did not take any minutes on the examination I have written my defense as my memory served me. If I have made any material mistakes I hope your Honors will attribute it to my memory. I was in hopes to have delivered it before the last adjournment of the Committee; as I had the substance of it written; but there was not time."

The fact that it was necessary for Paul Revere to defend himself against public opinion was something of which the state of Massachusetts had every reason to be ashamed. That it *did* feel ashamed was proved by the fact that the charges against him in the court-martial which he demanded were narrowed down to two; the first "for his refusing to deliver a certain boat to the order of General Wadsworth when upon the retreat up Penobscot River from Major Bagaduce," the second "for his leaving Penobscot River without orders from his Commanding Officer."

On both of these charges he was honorably acquitted but justice was slow in its course. The

Penobscot Expedition suffered defeat in August 13, 1779, and the court-martial did not take place until February 19, 1782, two years and a half later, during which time the Americans had won their fight for liberty. But Paul Revere, smarting under the sting of undeserved censure performed no more military services. Ever afterward the subject was a sore one with him, not alone because of the injustice done him on this special occasion, but because he had been denied the privilege of fighting for his country in the way he wished.

It was little satisfaction to him to know that many of the noted leaders carried similar chips on their shoulders.

Patrick Henry, for all his military fire, was made Governor of Virginia to keep him out of harm's way. Thomas Jefferson was made to understand that for him " the pen was mightier than the sword." Samuel Adams was too old for service. John Adams was afflicted with poor eyes. John Hancock, bitterly chagrined over not being appointed commander in chief of the American forces, was pacified by high places in the Continental Congress and the state of Massachusetts. Of the pioneer

patriots only Joseph Warren and James Otis saw anything like active service. Strangely enough, both fought in the Battle of Bunker Hill. Warren was cut down in the flower of his manhood, a brilliant light suddenly put out, while poor James Otis, his wonderful mind a shattered wreck, fought in the thick of the battle and escaped without a scratch. Thus chance plays strange tricks in the course of events. In the case of Paul Revere, here was probably the best soldier of them all gone to waste. He had everything to recommend him — a clear brain, a quick eye, extraordinary powers of endurance, and above all courage and loyalty, a very rock of trustworthiness.

While still fighting for his public vindication Paul Revere was not behindhand in demanding back pay for himself and the other officers and men of the artillery corps who had given their time and their services with no reward. After some delay notes were made out for each man's wages and the government turned them into money.

But the disappointed soldier was soon replaced by the enterprising mechanic. Paul Revere once more resumed his trade of goldsmith and engraver, while

the storms of the Revolution were still raging about him.

He took pains at this time to communicate with that branch of his family which had remained in France and the branch that had settled in Guernsey, both retaining the old French surname Rivoire, for he took great pride in his ancestry which was of good old stock. To his cousin Mathias de Rivoire in France he wrote more freely because of the French alliance but his other cousin, John Rivoire, who lived in Guernsey, gave his allegiance to England and wrote a very frank opinion of the colonies' break with the mother country, deploring the fact that they had called France to their assistance and pointing out how wrong America was to turn against the King. The war stopped the correspondence from 1775 until 1782, when he again took up the subject of America's independence upon which they had argued seven years before. In his far-away island home he could not imagine what the war really was and his opinion of the French was certainly far from complimentary. "I heartily wish," he writes, "the Americans could open their eyes before it is too late to repent the dangerous alliance

they have made with the French. They seem at first like turtle doves, polite and humble till they get their ends; but after they are masters there is none in the world such for tyranny and oppression. You may well compare them to fire (viz.) 'Good Servants, but very bad Masters.'" Further on he says:

"I will suppose for one moment there is faults on both sides, I mean between England and America, which is a similar case between Mother and Daughter, how easy in my opinion the whole could be compromised and adjusted, England having repealed their acts of Parliament concerning America, and leaving it as it was in the year 1763."

How Paul Revere must have laughed over this peaceful solution of the seven years of strenuous fighting! But he replied in a spirited and patriotic way, leaving his cousin in no doubt as to whom he considered right and wrong.

"What has not England done to subjugate us?" he says in one part of his letter. "They have hired foreign troops to massacre us; they have set the Indians on our helpless women and children to butcher them; they have encouraged the Negro serv-

ants to assassinate their masters — they have burned our defenceless towns and cities. They have murdered our old men in cool blood and have hanged our young men wantonly; and what is still worse if possible, they have confined the men whom they have taken prisoners in loathsome ships and goals till they have died by inches. . . . You may depend that the Americans will never submit to be under the Brittons again."

All of which goes to show that though Paul Revere was proud of his lineage, taking pains to keep in touch with his kindred, preserving his family crest and the many traditions that clustered round the De Rivoires of song and story, he was before everything else an American patriot who loved his country as he loved his life and always served her with honor and distinction.

X

"JACK OF ALL TRADES"

X

"JACK OF ALL TRADES"

THE old saw reads "Jack of all trades and Master of none" but in the case of Paul Revere it was quite a different story. He did well such a number of things that one might safely assert he was master of all he attempted.

We have touched but lightly upon what, after all, was the backbone of his character, his trade, the work in life which had descended to him from his father and which he in his turn handed down to his own son. In the unsettled state of the country shortly before and during the Revolution this work was often laid aside. Indeed, as we know, the engraving which his calling as a silver- and goldsmith made necessary in order to beautify the pieces fashioned by his skilled hands was frequently employed in such work as our present-day cartoonists indulge in, caricaturing current events, which then as now, made more impression upon the public than a dozen speeches or sermons.

Besides these caricatures he engraved many valuable pictures of Boston and its surroundings, which give bird's-eye views of the town as it really was in those early days. Three of these views were made at the time when England had decided to quarter troops in Boston against the will of the people. The first one is especially interesting and shows a part of Boston beginning with the Old Brick Church and stretching out as far as North Battery, the shipping portion of the town. The bay is dotted over with craft of every kind, and around one particular wharf which extends far out into the water, and which with reason was called the Long Wharf, the many ships are clustered waiting to deposit their cargoes of men and ammunition. Paul Revere who delighted in detail has even drawn some tiny figures of the soldiers marching along the wooden pier to the town. Many of these prints he colored by hand, the red coats of the soldiers standing out from the background of soft browns and greens.

The title of this picture is on a scroll across the top of the engraving which measures ten by fifteen inches. It reads: "A View of Part of the Town

of Boston in New England, and British Ships of War landing their Troops! 1768."

The *Boston Gazette and County Journal* of Monday, April 16, 1770, contains the following advertisement:

"Just Published and to be sold by Paul Revere opposite Dr. Clark's at the North End by the Printers hereof"— [Then follows a description of the picture.]

These prints are accurate historic productions and portray exactly the point the artist wished to illustrate. Engraving in those days was confined to line drawing with little background or shading, but Paul Revere's vivid imagination lent color and spirit to his work, and our engraver besides was something of a wit — else he never could have drawn such clever caricatures. Indeed, so distinct was his style that those familiar with his work can easily pick out his engravings in any historical collection.

The second view was engraved for the *North American Almanack* published by Edes and Gill, and was a much smaller plate, being three by five and a quarter inches. Eleven steeples of churches,

besides Faneuil Hall and the Old State House appear in this print, and Paul Revere must have had the eyes of a hawk and the most delicate of tools to get in everything the picture contains. It is called: "Prospective View of the Town of Boston, the Capital of New England; and the Landing of troops in the year 1768, in Consequence of Letters from Gov. Bernard to the Commissioners of the British Ministry."

The third plate was engraved for the first number of the *Royal American Magazine,* January, 1774, and Paul Revere called it "A View of the Town of Boston with several Ships of War in the Harbor." The magazine was the last one established before the Revolution. It was first published by one Isaiah Thomas, and ran in current numbers for six months, until July, 1774, when it was discontinued for a time; then Joseph Greenleaf became the owner and revived it for a few months until the April following, "when the war put a period to the magazine."

Mr. E. H. Goss, in his biography of the patriot, says: "It is interesting to compare a number of this magazine with its thin paper, small pages, old

Sir Wilbraham Wentworth.

fashioned type, rough engravings and general make-up with one of the issues of *Harper's New Monthly*, the *Century* or the *Magazine of American History*."

Paul Revere contributed many engravings, among which were several portraits of well-known people. Most of them were copies of Copley's paintings; two of especial prominence being busts of Hancock and Samuel Adams. These portraits were embellished with allegorical figures representing the state of a country on the verge of war — Paul Revere's own work — and his name, "P. Revere Scpr.," is signed to everything. His active brain was as quick as his skillful hands, so the pictures were never lacking in originality. Fortunately for us, there was little or no competition in this line of work. The "patriot engraver," as he has often been called, had the field to himself so far as the *Royal American Magazine* was concerned, and his contributions in that short time were numerous. One special print was called "The Able Doctor, or America swallowing the Bitter Draught," showing America in the hands of the British Ministers prone on the ground while they are forcing the distasteful tea down her throat. A similar idea is "America

in Distress," only the physicians are divided in their opinions in this case. America is a helpless female figure lying back in a chair; on one side of her are the British physicians giving all sorts of absurd opinions; on the other side are the American physicians trying to protect her from her would-be murderers. This engraving was the very last number of the *Royal American Magazine,* and was printed in March, 1775, at a time when the excitement was rising to fever heat and the engraver had laid away his tools for more active service.

Indeed, were there time and opportunity, a complete pictorial history of these stirring times might be made from the collected engravings of Paul Revere.

The cleverist engraving he ever did was some of his very earliest work, "The New England Psalm-Singer," being a collection of "Psalm Tunes, Anthems and Canons."

"Set in Score by	Josiah Flagg
Engraved by	Paul Revere."

This quaint little volume, the property of Alfred

S. Manson, Esq., of Boston, is the only one known to be in existence. Doubtless there are others tucked out of sight in some old-fashioned New England book-cases. The ninety-six pages of music were engraved by Revere on copper-plates and its introductory pages contain: "An Essay on the Nature and Properties of Sound, Rules of Musick."

An Ode on Music, and a New England Hymn by the Rev. Dr. Byles and "An Hymn composed by the Rev. Mr. Whitfield with design to be sung at his own funeral" followed by an "Advertisement" apologizing for the delay in publication in order that they might be printed on American paper. As this was published in 1765 after England had issued the Stamp Act, we can see how early American independence was beginning to assert itself. The publishers further beg that "the good Ladies, Heads of Families, into whose Hands they [the hymn books] may fall will zealously endeavor to furnish the Paper Mills with all the Fragments of Linnen they can possibly afford: Paper being the Vehicle of Literature, and Literature the Spring and Security of human Happiness."

The frontispiece of this book is really a wonderful bit of engraving. It is called "The Singing School" and represents a room containing a round table at which are seated seven men with powdered wigs — evidently taking a lesson. This picture is surrounded with a staff of music containing a verse of a hymn. Drawn with the finest of tools, it is perfect in detail. And we must remember that the art of engraving which Paul Revere brought to such perfection was only mastered because he wished to beautify the articles of gold and silver which he made in his workshop, many of which have been handed down as heirlooms and bear comparison with the modern work of these days. He and his father before him made tankards, cups, spoons, sugar baskets, cream ewers, pitchers, bowls, and dishes of every size and shape, and many old Boston families treasure with pride some bit of his work. The articles he fashioned were always graceful in shape and carefully finished, and we see many reproductions of the simple colonial style in the silver of to-day.

Paul Revere also made medals and seals of every kind and description. Indeed the list of them would

be too long to enter here but one can well understand how this thrifty master craftsman in time became a man of means. We can readily picture him as he describes himself at the close of the Revolution in a letter to Mathias Rivoire of France. He speaks of his father who "had left no estate but a good name and seven children, three sons and four daughters. I was the eldest son, I learned the trade of him and have carried on the business ever since; until the year 1775 when the American Revolution began, from that time till May, 1780, I have been in the Government service as Lieut. Col. of an Artillery regiment — The time for which that was raised, then expired and I thought it best to go to my business again, which I now carry on and under which I trade some to Holland. I did intend to have gone wholly in to trade, but the principal part of my interest I lent to Government, which I have not been able to draw out, so must content myself till I can do better. I am in middling circumstances, and very well off for a tradesman. I am forty-seven years old, I have a wife and eight children alive; my eldest daughter is married; my eldest son is learning my trade since we left the Army, and is

now in business for himself. I have one brother and two sisters alive.

"You desire me to send you a seal with the arms of our Family; enclosed is one, which I pray you to accept of; it is one of my own engraving (for that is part of my trade) which I hope will be acceptable to you."

The engraving referred to is a reproduction of the ancestral seal, representing a rampant lion, with a most benevolent smile, holding a shield, at the top of which is an eagle ready to soar; at the bottom is a scroll on which are the words, *Pugna pro Patria* (I fight for my country).

"Before this reaches you," he continues, "you will have heard of the victory gained over the British Army by the Allied Armies, commanded by the brave General Washington, (A small engraving of him, I send enclosed, it is said to be a good likeness and it is my engraving) Which I hope will produce peace."

This letter is especially interesting as it gives us a plain, everyday common-sense view of our hero who in his own estimation was no hero at all — only a plain everyday common-sense man with a

very excellent opinion of his own achievements, and very generous withal, for he often sent gifts to his cousins. The engraving of Washington could never have reached its destination for no search has ever brought it to light.

To John Rivoire Paul Revere sent a set of buttons, probably of silver or brass, of his own workmanship, for though the fashions were changing to more sober garments for the men, the knee breeches were still used with the big continental coat of contrasting shade "buttoned down before" like old *Father Grimes* in the poem.

In a letter to this same cousin in 1786, he mentions the death of one of his children:

"Since my last letter to you I have lost one of the finest Boys that was ever born; two years and three months old, named John, whom I named for you."

Three of his children by his second wife bore the name of John. The first was born June 13, 1776, and lived just two weeks. The second was the one mentioned in this letter, born Christmas Day, 1783. Then he writes in this same letter:

"I now begin to think I shall have no more chil-

dren. I have had fifteen children and six Grand children." Here he made one grave error for the birth records show that another John was born on March 17, 1787, two years later, adding a sixteenth child to his already "numerous family"— eight by each marriage.

Thus at fifty-one, Paul Revere, carrying his robust years lightly upon his shoulders, found himself in the position of a patriarch at the head of his family.

But there was nothing patriarchal in the way he dashed into business enterprises of all kinds. In 1783 he opened a hardware store "directly opposite where Liberty Tree stood," probably the first of the kind ever kept in Boston. We would call it to-day a department store, for he also kept "hosiery, coatings and other merchandise." Being efficient in whatever he undertook there is no doubt that Paul Revere made a most excellent shopkeeper. His day-books had careful entries and all the best people of Boston frequented his store. He kept his stock full of all kinds of hardware and if the thrifty Bostonians wanted anything in or out of the ordinary they called at Paul Revere's; one bill to Samuel Adams is found on a page of his daybook.

We can imagine the portly gentleman in the snuff colored suit filling the shop with his substantial presence and bidding "my good Mr. Revere to charge to my account." Here are the items:

1785		
Dec. 31	To 1-2 Doz Sley Bells.....	£ 7. 6
1786		
May 6	To 1 Door Lock.....	5.
	To 4 Pair hinges.....	5. 4
	To 2 thumb catches.....	1. 4
	To 1 brandy cock.....	1. 9
Dec. 13	To 3 Truck Bells.....	6.
29	To 3 Sley Bells.....	5.
1787		
Jan. 10	To 1 Truck Bell.....	2.
		£1.13.11
	Cr.	
Dec. 21	By his account settled Nov. 28th, 1787..	£1.13.11

Money was always a very scarce article in the Adams family but Paul Revere, as we see, was an easy creditor, for it was two years before the great man was ready to pay his bill.

In the shop were displayed "gold necklaces, lockets, rings, bracelets, beads, buttons, medals and cases for pictures," with everything in silver that

could be thought of, and in the daybooks are entered many charges for engraving of all kinds. There was as yet no one in Boston to take that line of trade away from him. He often said that he depended chiefly upon his goldsmith business for the support of his family.

Sometimes he received queer orders from customers. One Andrew Oliver wished him to make a sugar dish out of an ostrich egg, and the Estate of Doc. John Clark, Esq., ordered "eleven Death's head gold Rings." Often, too, when trade was tied up, he was pressed for money. At such times his fertile brain was planning new enterprises, and as early as 1788 we find him buying up quantities of pig iron for melting-down purposes; for years of experience in fashioning articles of gold and silver convinced him that other metals could be put to more practical uses if he could make himself master of this new industry by building a furnace. Accordingly, for an idea always suggested a possibility to Paul Revere, in November, 1788, he wrote to Messrs. Brown & Benson of Providence:

"Gentlemen:

"We have got our furnass agoing and find that it answers our expectations, & have no doubt that the business will do exceedingly well in the Town of Boston. Mr. John Brown when in Boston, informed me your furnace was to go soon [Paul Revere's spelling was peculiar, to say the least] I should be glad that you would ship as soon as possible ten tons of Pigs by the way of Nantucket without there should be a vessell coming here from Providence.

"We are desirous to have a constant & regular supply of Piggs from your furnace & in Order to do it we think there cannot be a more effectual way than by interesting you or some of your gentlemen owners of the Hope furnace in our furnace."

Here our far-seeing business man outlined his ideas of a partnership or corporation for which he was willing to sell shares to be paid for in "Piggs," meaning pig iron, of course, though to the ignorant the combination of "pigs" and furnaces might suggest a most appetising roast.

In the following year, Sept. 3, 1789, he wrote to the same firm that he was building an air furnace for the melting of iron and that he wished to buy

from them "a large quantity of Pigs . . . perhaps as much as One hundred Tonns pr year."

This was the beginning of the Revere Foundry established at 13 Lynn Street, corner of Foster Street, and shortly after, he began the casting of cannon and ironware, including the making of church bells.

In 1789 the first Directory of Boston was issued. Under the name of Revere is one "Thomas Revere, silversmith, Newbury Street" and "John Revere, taylor, Ann Street," both younger brothers of Paul Revere. In the next Directory, 1796, Paul Revere is recorded as "bell and cannon foundrey, Lynn Street, house, North Square," while "Revere & Son, Goldsmiths," had a shop on Ann Street, and Paul Revere, Jr., is given as "goldsmith, Fleet Street."

The first bell that Paul Revere ever made was cast in Boston in 1792 for the New Brick Church on Middle Street. The first bell in this church was hung in 1743 and after thirty-seven years of service it was removed and replaced by the bell of the Old North Church, which was larger. This bell had been injured in 1792 and was given to Paul Revere to recast. Upon it is the following inscription:

"The first bell cast in Boston, 1792, by P. Revere."

It seems a strange coincidence that the lanterns of the Old North Church were the signal lights on the night of the famous ride, and that the famous rider should have recast the bell which had once hung in that self-same steeple.

The bell is still in good condition though no longer in use. Rev. Edward G. Porter, in his "Rambles in Boston," gives a most interesting account of this celebrated bell which weighs nine hundred and twelve pounds. He says in part:

"Few bells have such a record as this. It has hung in three conspicuous churches, either in its original or its enlarged form. It has summoned six generations of worshipers to the sanctuary. It has tolled for the dead and awakened the living from their morning slumbers. It has opened the daily market, announced the hour for lunch, called the hungry to their dinner and the weary to their beds. It has broken the stillness of the night by its dread alarm of fire. On momentous occasions it has rallied the citizens to meet in defense of liberty. It has sounded the tocsin of war and rung

merrily on the return of peace. It has assisted in the patriotic celebrations of the Fifth of March, the Seventeenth of June and the Fourth of July. Truly such an active and faithful participant in the affairs of Boston during so long a period of our history, deserves a place among the famous bells of the world."

According to Paul Revere himself this was the first of sixty church bells of various sizes which he had cast from the time he set up his foundry.

In 1816, when Revere was eighty-one years old, the firm of Revere & Son cast a new bell for the tower of King's Chapel, for the old bell which had been hung in 1772 cracked while tolling for evening service May 8, 1814.

When the new bell was raised to its position a witty person wrote the following lines:

The Chapel Church,
Left in the lurch,
Must surely fall;
For church and people
And bell and steeple
Are crazy all.
The church still lives
The priest survives
With mind the same.

Revere refounds
The bell resounds
And all is well again.

This bell is still hanging in the King's Chapel and its rich full tones have sent their echoes over the land.

All this work meant money in the pockets of this enterprising tradesman.

But more important commissions still lay in wait for Revere & Son. Their foundry had attracted attention far and wide and both in the state of Massachusetts and in the general government their skilled work was in demand.

XI

COPPER ROLLING AND THE FRIGATE *CONSTITUTION*

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HAVING successfully set his furnace "agoing," as he himself describes it, Paul Revere's keen eyes looked around for other worlds to conquer. By this time he had studied the many sides of his business so thoroughly that he was fast becoming a scientist as well as a mechanic. His familiarity with various metals, as well as his diligent reading along certain lines, had taught him their chemical properties so that as the years went on he began to conceive of new ways of applying his knowledge for practical purposes. Copper was the next metal he pressed into service; he was already familiar with its uses, having done all his engravings on copperplates. He soon discovered that under certain heating processes copper, hardest of metals, could be rendered malleable, that is, easy to mold or hammer.

In a letter to Harrison Gray Otis, a member of Congress, he alluded to the fact that coppersmiths agreed that no one in America had been able to handle copper in this way. "I farther found," he writes, "that it was a Secret that lay in very few Breasts in England. I determined if possible to find the Secret and have the pleasure to say, that after many tryals and considerable expense I gained it."

These few words, no doubt, cover countless experiments and their accompanying failures; but of these Paul Revere took no reckoning, if success crowned his efforts in the end. He had that combination of energy and perseverance which we call "pluck," and he never lost sight of an idea until it grew in a substantial reality, so the following letter is not surprising:

Boston, May 24, 1794.

"Dear Sir: [Whom he was addressing is not known.]

"I understand that there are to be two Ships built in this State for the General government, and that they are to be Coppered; if so, they will want *Composition bolts, Rudder braces,* &c, &c.

"I can purchase several tons of Copper here, and my works are fitted for such business: Should

those things be wanted, and I understand by General Jackson, that it is in your department, if you will be kind enough to give me the refusal, you will much oblige me.

"I will do them as cheap as anyone, and as well.

"Your Humble Servant,

"PAUL REVERE."

This letter, evidently written to some one high up in the navy, brought the desired result. The contract for the brass and copper work for the good ship *Constitution* was given to Revere, whose bill to the government was $3,820.33 for work worth many times that sum.

It is interesting to know that such a staunch American had a hand in building what was then the staunchest ship in our infant navy.

This vessel has a biography all its own. It was launched in 1797, having taken three years in the building, and was the first iron-clad man-of-war to uphold America's supremacy. We know her best by her nickname of *Old Ironsides,* and she did good service in her day. In 1803 she was recoppered by Revere, and when the carpenters finished this job, which took them fourteen days, they gave "nine

cheers which were answered by the seamen and calkers, because they had . . . completed coppering the ship with copper made in the States."

Soon after this the frigate *Constitution* became the flagship of Commodore Edward Preble, who sailed away in search of fame and glory in far-off Tripoli, and after that the good ship had many masters — Barron, Decatur, Rodgers and Lawrence. In the War of 1812, Captain Isaac Hull and afterwards Commodore Bainbridge rode her to victory over the British, and when at last *Old Ironsides* rested in the harbor she showed the scars of hard and bloody fighting. Her work was over, and many people who had more enterprise than sentiment proposed to dismantle and destroy this famous old "sea lion," but the popular feeling was against it. *Old Ironsides* was a living war veteran, having served all through the War of 1812, and the patriotic New Englander would far rather have had her lost at sea than stripped of her strength and splendor by a few ruthless hands on shore.

At the time the question was agitated in 1830, the most powerful opposition came from an unexpected

quarter, when a young Boston boy named Oliver Wendell Holmes in a burst of inspired patriotism penned his defiance of such desecration, and the school girls and boys who fail to learn these stirring lines have missed an important item in their education. Here is the poem, which settled the question:

OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rang the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea.

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;—
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale.

These lines remind one of the old-time Norse sagas about the heroes who sailed away in their ships to Valhalla whither their gods called them when they died. This ship had no heroes aboard; but to the boy poet she carried them all — and his fiery effort to save her won the day. She made no more voyages, it is true, but she is honored in her old age, as she lies snugly moored in the navy yard of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Perhaps some memory of Paul Revere was the inspiration of our poet, for well he knew, being a Boston boy, that all the brass and copper work of the frigate *Constitution* came from the hands of that king of mechanics.

This new enterprise brought Revere more work than ever before, but sheet copper was hard to purchase, the supply from abroad soon gave out, and it was then that the firm of Paul Revere and Son added copper rolling, and the manufacture of copper bolts, spikes, nails, etc., to their fast growing business.

Among other things they coppered the dome of the new State House in Massachusetts with copper manufactured and rolled in their own mills, for the Reveres finally bought a piece of land on the site of the old powdermill at Canton, situated on the east branch of the Neponsit River which was formerly known as Sawmill River.

The building of a copper rolling mill was a very big scheme, especially as they had to order a pair of copper rollers from England. In December, 1800, Revere wrote: "I have engaged to build me a Mill for Rolling Copper into sheets which for me is a great undertaking and will require every farthing which I can rake or scrape."

This new venture was such an expensive one that he was obliged to appeal to the government of the United States for aid in the erection of the necessary buildings, agreeing to pay back the $10,000 which he borrowed, in the manufactured copper.

Needless to say that Paul Revere's word was as good as the bond he gave; the debt was soon canceled and by the fall of 1801 the works were in full blast. Soon after, the business of casting cannon and church bells was also transferred to Canton

because the foundry in Boston had its roof blown off in a gale which did much damage in the city, and the works were ruined beyond repair. Business at the Revere mills grew steadily in importance. Revere and Son were for a long time the only manufacturers of sheet copper in America and in 1802 it was stated on authority "that the manufacturers above mentioned have now ready for delivery to the Government of the United States, 30,000 weight of sheet copper for covering the bottoms of the 74 gunships ordered some years since to be built."

In comparison with the enormous products in our modern foundries these numbers seem nothing at all, but we must remember that the entire industry at that time was the result of one man's persevering labors in an unknown field, that the experiments he tried were not backed by any past experience, and that while he profited to a very great extent, yet there was always a dash of true patriotism in every commercial endeavor.

That America should put her "best foot forward" was the unwavering desire of Paul Revere and he firmly believed that the mechanics and tradesmen of the New World had it in their power to

show England, and indeed the rest of Europe, how well the baby nation could take care of itself.

Above all other feelings was his pride in his country; he had shown this many years ago, when, after the signing of the Peace Treaty of Paris, the thirteen original colonies decided upon the adoption of a Federal Constitution by which all the new-made states, while having their own separate state government and laws, should be under the general government — in short, a constitution such as governs the United States of to-day.

Alexander Hamilton, Washington's former aide-de-camp and our first Secretary of State, drafted this Constitution which created great stir and mighty arguments. Many of the states had already agreed, but Massachusetts was slow in signing. She had been the ringleader of the rebellion, and her decision would carry much weight. Samuel Adams to whom the Bostonians looked for guidance had as yet expressed no opinion; he was waiting as usual to test the temper of the people and was one of the Boston delegates to the Massachusetts Convention assembled in Boston to discuss the Constitution. The tradesmen of the town, gathering in great num-

bers at their old rendezvous, the Green Dragon Tavern, argued the question from their own practical point of view, resolving finally that if the Constitution were adopted, trade and navigation would revive and increase, and employ and subsistence be afforded to many of their townsmen then suffering for want of the necessities of life. Should it be rejected, "the small remains of commerce yet left would be annihilated; the various trades and handicrafts dependent thereon, decay; the poor be increased and many worthy and skillful mechanics compelled to seek employ and subsistence in strange lands."

These resolutions were carried by Paul Revere who with John Gray presided at the meeting, and placed in the hands of Samuel Adams.

"How many mechanics," asked Adams, "were at the Green Dragon when these Resolutions were passed?"

"More, sir," answered Paul Revere, "than the Green Dragon could hold."

"And where were the rest, Mr. Revere?"

"In the streets, sir."

"And how many were in the streets?"

"More, sir, than there are stars in the sky."

This old Green Dragon Tavern where the Tea Party plot was hatched, where the old patriots met to vent their indignation at England's injustice and to plan their resistance to her unreasonable demands, was a fitting place in which to discuss such an important aid to peace and prosperity, but Paul Revere and his associate did not stop in Boston. They had previously made a tour of the state addressing the mechanics of various towns, in short, conducting such a spirited campaign that in presenting the resolutions to Adams they could truthfully state that the unanimous vote of the people of Massachusetts was for the adoption of the Constitution. These resolutions were carried to the Convention by a procession, Paul Revere marching at its head.

Dearly did our patriot love pageants and celebrations—indeed, anything which gave the people pleasure and kindled enthusiasm.

When the vote of Massachusetts put a seal upon the adoption of the Constitution, there was great rejoicing in Boston; the mechanics had a procession of the arts and trades, aided by Revere, and there were festivities and entertainments of all kinds.

Thus not only did Paul Revere have much to do with the building of the frigate *Constitution,* but it was partly due to his great influence with his fellow-townsmen that the other Constitution, that rudder to the Ship of State was placed in the hands of the nation.

As we see, at every crisis Paul Revere's public-spirited interest led the people of his state in the right direction; yet the high public places were not for him. It is doubtful if he expected such rich rewards for service as came to the Adamses, to Hancock, and to other patriotic leaders. He was given many positions of trust, but none of any public prominence, and we cannot help wondering if some remnant of the old class prejudice that barred trade from high places still hung about the new country in spite of its assertion that all men were born free and equal. The Reveres had a coat of arms and a family crest and seal, though for generations they had lived by their trade; but as many Tories still lingered in America, perhaps the far-seeing statesmen thought it wiser in the beginning to respect their traditions.

Probably had he been a poorer man and depend-

ent on the gifts his country could bestow, he might have received more consideration.

But Paul Revere was a proud man. Justice was the only thing he ever sued for, and that he demanded not as a favor but as his right. Once in a while in his correspondence one may detect a bitter note, but he never publicly expressed his disappointment.

He went doggedly to work to build up a fine fortune — to establish himself and his family in a substantial business that would live after him — and he had stalwart sons to perpetuate his name. Far better off was he than John Hancock, that favorite of fortune, who left no children to honor his memory.

The firm of Paul Revere and Son was composed of himself and his son Joseph Warren Revere, and up to within a few years of his death, the old patriot took an active interest in every detail. His summer home at Canton, Massachusetts, near the copper mills, was still standing, not so very long ago, and was used as one of the storehouses of the company.

After Paul Revere's death in 1818, Joseph War-

ren Revere carried on the business until 1828, when it became a chartered company and its name still stands to-day. In his father's lifetime, during 1804–5, Joseph Warren went to Europe, a tremendous undertaking in those days, and visited England, France, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, in order to learn whatever there was to be known about the manufacture of copper.

In 1809 Paul Revere became connected with an event which marked an epoch in the history of our progress. The firm of Paul Revere and Son furnished to Messrs. Livingston and Fulton, copper for two boilers to be used on the Hudson River and New York ferry steamboats; "this order was for 16,000 sheets, three feet wide by five feet in length, some of them weighing over two hundred pounds." We can readily imagine the star part those boilers played on that memorable day when the first steamboat puffed and snorted proudly up the Hudson followed by the cheers of the excited crowd.

These boilers must have given satisfaction, to judge by the following letter:

Boston, 7 Decr. 1810.

"Robert Fulton, Esq.,

"Sir, Your favur of the 3d Inst. came duly to hand. We will supply you with five tons of Copper such as we furnished you with in 1809, at fifty cents per lb. 4 months Credit. It shall all be ready for delivery in four weeks after we receive your order.

"Respectfully,

"Your humble Servt.,

"PAUL REVERE & SON."

In July, 1814, the firm again contracted with Robert Fulton for boiler plates of copper for the ship of war which he was building for the government to use in the second war with England, for the fame of this enterprising firm had now reached far beyond the confines of its own states.

XII

FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES

XII

FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES

HAD Paul Revere been gifted with the descriptive powers of John Adams, his reminiscences would have been of great historic value. It is true he kept a diary and a most business-like daybook, but his very private affairs and his personal friendships were not mentioned in those pages. Being a member of so many societies before and after the Revolution, he naturally came into close contact with all sorts of men, some of whom maintained the friendliest relations with our hero who loved his kind. He was one of the most popular members of the Sons of Liberty, where none but friends to the cause and to each other were supposed to congregate; it is likely, indeed, that many strong friendships were cemented during that stressful time. The only name recorded as an intimate friend is that of John Pulling, a brother Son of Liberty and, as

we know, supposed by some to have been the "friend" whom Revere asked to hang the lanterns for him on the night of the ride.

Of his friendship with Joseph Warren he always spoke with reverence and pride, for no two men could have been more closely associated than they were in those few days preceding the Battle of Lexington, when they were left alone "to keep house" in Boston while the other patriots were attending the Provincial Congress then sitting at Cambridge. A warm sympathy sprang up between them, born of mutual admiration. Revere recognized the high qualities which made this New England doctor a leader of the people, and he gladly became his lieutenant, standing ready to aid him whenever the need arose. Warren, on his side, had the most implicit faith in Paul Revere. The same anxieties drew them together and kept them planning through the watches of the night. A nod from Warren and Revere understood — no need of words or suggestions from one to the other. Such was their perfect friendship. To the end of his days Revere mourned the untimely death of Joseph Warren — for perhaps no one else so fully recognized how sin-

cere was the patriotism of this man of the people. Had Warren lived he would have seen to it that his trusty right-hand man was suitably rewarded, but his death cut short much more than his own promising career, and many more than Paul Revere sorrowed over his loss. There is no doubt that two such congenial spirits would always have worked side by side for liberty; as it was, the only tribute the living hero could pay the dead one, was to honor his memory and name his best-beloved son after his best-beloved friend.

Paul Revere's was a genial nature and brought him hosts of friends, but such natures are often very reserved in the matter of intimacy and beyond his home the real man was little known. He had too big a family, probably, to take more than a general interest in those outside of it, and we cannot but marvel that so few of these family chronicles have come to us. He faithfully recorded the births and deaths of his children, but their characters are unknown to us, and their marriages and those innumerable celebrations which have such an influence on the home living were never mentioned. Doubtless the young Reveres had *their* personal friends in

whom their father took an interest. Doubtless, at their weddings, he dressed his portly person in black velvet with black silk stockings and shoes ornamented with buckles set in brilliants (such a pair of shoe-buckles is now owned by one of his numerous grandchildren), and cracked his jokes and made merry with his guests. No doubt Mrs. Rachel had many tea-drinkings and much society in those early days of the Republic, but it is hard to tell whether or no her husband was present.

Another friend of many years standing was Gen. John Lamb of New York, with whom he corresponded during the trying days when the British rule pressed heavily on the colonies and who entertained him when he came riding into the town on errands for the Committee of Safety. Gen. Lamb was a Son of Liberty, and all Sons of Liberty were brothers whenever they met. In truth the social life he most enjoyed was when as a younger man he spent sociable evenings at the Green Dragon Tavern with the other Sons of Liberty — for the talk was not always of their country's plight. The men assembled, had their business to discuss over a friendly glass or two. When they entertained honored

guests like the Adamses or Hancock they had quite a collation. John Adams says in his diary, "I was very cordially and respectfully treated by all present. We had punch and wine, pipes and tobacco, biscuit and cheese, etc."

On such occasions Paul Revere would generally do the honors, for somehow the assembled carpenters, bricklayers, shipbuilders, printers, and tailors recognized in this brother mechanic higher gifts than they possessed.

The association between Revere and the two Revolutionary leaders was of the pleasantest, but never reached the boundary line of intimate friendship.

Samuel Adams was only too prone to recognize the men with whom he worked merely as agents in the great scheme of Liberty — the means to the end. Paul Revere was useful as a messenger, and the spokesman of his people had to be heard with respect; but in after years their lives ran in entirely different grooves, and save in matters of moment to their town, they rarely met socially. Hancock, though a merchant prince who made his money in trade, was of a different order from the sturdy craftsman who probably made some of his silver

dishes with his crest and coat of arms engraved thereon; but there was little in common between these two men, though each one served his country in his own way.

Benjamin Edes, the printer, came nearer to being a friend than most of the mechanics with whom Revere was thrown. He belonged to the firm of Edes & Gill, who were known as "the patriotic printers," and printed several of Revere's engravings. Many special and secret meetings of the Sons of Liberty took place in their office, and it was there that a large body of the supposed "Mohawks" assembled on the afternoon of December 16, 1773.

Edes was not only a printer but also a journalist of some distinction. As early as 1755 he began with John Gill, his partner, the publication of the *Boston Gazette and Country Journal,* the patriotic mouthpiece of Massachusetts. During the siege of Boston the paper was issued at Watertown where Paul Revere was busy making bank notes for the struggling army, and doubtless these two whose trades were so closely associated and whose politics were the same had much intercourse.

Another friend was John Scollay who was chair-

man of the Board of Selectmen at the time when Mrs. Revere applied for a pass to cross the river and join her husband at Charlestown.

Paul Revere was what we would call in these days very democratic. If he liked and respected a person, no matter what his calling that person was his friend. As he grew to be an older man and became interested in the various organizations which stood for the welfare of Boston Town, he was always particularly anxious that the mechanics should be well represented. He was one of the founders of the "Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association," was chairman at all of their meetings and was most eager to be the chief organizer of the Association. On March 24, 1795, he gave official notice that "The Constitution of the Associated Mechanics of the Town of Boston will be ready for signing on Saturday next, at Mr. Ebenizer Larkin's Bookstore."

There were eighty-three names on this document and Paul Revere's name headed the list. Paul Revere, Jr., was also among the signers and each man set down not only his name but his trade.

At a special meeting of these members held April

16, 1795, just twenty years after the Battle of Lexington and the rides, Paul Revere was unanimously elected president of the Association. We can well imagine that this able body of men, all his associates and contemporaries, remembered the anniversary and toasted their comrade in brimming bumpers, and that he responded with a courtly bow and a few well chosen words of thanks. He carried his sixty years very lightly; his thick hair was silvered now, and his portraits show it worn in the long cut, curling on the collar of his "rolled back" coat. There was an imposing and dignified air about him which commanded respect. He held the post of president for four years, during which time the Association grew in power and importance and had a great influence upon the trade of Boston.

This Association lasted for many years after the death of its founder in 1818. In 1825, during Lafayette's famous visit to America, it gave a dinner in honor of the old soldier, and one of the toasts on that occasion was "The memory of Paul Revere — a Boston Mechanic, who wrought zealously and cheerfully in the great work of Liberty."

His portrait hangs in the president's room of the

Association. In 1842, Benjamin Russell, then a very old man, spoke at a dinner given by the Association in Faneuil Hall, and paid tribute to the memories of eight of the original members, headed by Paul Revere.

Benjamin Russell in his younger days was the editor of the *Columbian Centinel* and a warm personal friend of Revere who presented him with a silver snuffbox of his own workmanship and design, as a mark of his esteem.

Later on, the Association bought what was known as the Booth property, on which they erected a hotel, and the house on Bowdoin Square, known as the Booth House, had its name changed to the Revere House in honor of the late Paul Revere, the first president of the Association. Only recently this Association was reorganized under the name of the Paul Revere Association, and a great-grandson of the patriot, the Hon. Frederic W. Lincoln, was chosen as its first president.

Such was Paul Revere's energy and public spirit that in 1796 he held the office of coroner, a post which he filled faithfully for five years.

In 1798 he became one of the stockholders of the

Massachusetts Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and on the charter of March 2, his name heads the lists. This was the first successful effort to insure property in Boston against loss by fire. This company is still in existence.

Paul Revere was an enthusiastic Mason; he took a great interest in all their lodges and attained many honors in these secret societies. At the time of his death he had reached the very highest dignity bestowed upon a Mason — that of Grand Master of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge — and what he did not know of Masonic laws and regulations was not worth knowing. It is difficult to define accurately what these societies of freemasons really are. For centuries they have held men together from the far ends of the world. The old order of the Knights Templar in the days of "Ivanhoe" was something of this sort — a body of men banded together by some secret alliance. The members were always sworn to secrecy, and they had signs and tokens and emblems whose meaning was known only to themselves. A man could not even confide in his wife concerning his Masonic doings, and there was but one known fixed law — a man's character had to be

above reproach before he was admitted to any one of the societies.

At the time of the Tea Party Paul Revere was a member of St. Andrew's Lodge (having entered the association as an apprentice some years before), and by a strange coincidence the Masons met at the Green Dragon Tavern which, as we know, was the rallying place for those Sons of Liberty who belonged to the famous North End Caucus; it is more than strange that on the night when the "Mohawks" brandished their hatchets in Boston Harbor, the Lodge could not hold its regular meeting because of the absence of so many of its most important members "on special business."

Joseph Warren was the first Grand Master of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge, established 1769, and Paul Revere, Senior Grand Deacon, offered to make the Lodge "jewels"— certain emblems "of any metal under silver"— used in its ceremonies and pageants, and wait for payment until the Lodge was in funds. He also made some beautiful punch ladles, now the property of St. Andrew's Lodge.

In 1783, after the peace, the question arose as to whether the St. Andrew's Lodge as it was then

called should owe its allegiance to Scotland or to Massachusetts. Twenty-nine members voted to remain as they were; twenty-three were against it, our independent Paul Revere being among the minority. These twenty-three men withdrew from the old Lodge and organized the Rising States Lodge with Revere as Master and his son, Paul, Jr., one of the officers. The diplomas of membership to this Lodge were engraved by Paul Revere on a very elaborate scale.

The freemasons were always invited to take part in various state ceremonies, and on July 4, 1795, we find Grand Master Paul Revere and other dignitaries assisting Governor Samuel Adams in laying the cornerstone of the new state house. They met the state officers, headed by the Governor in the old state house and marched in an imposing procession to the Old South Meeting-House where they listened to an oration by "a young Republican gentleman" named George Blake, who from the newspaper accounts was a Hancock, a Warren, and all the other patriots rolled into one. Then the procession reformed and escorted the cornerstone which was "on a truck decorated with ribbons drawn by 15 white

horses, each with a leader" with a military guard of "Independent Fusiliers," to the site selected. When the stone had been put into place Governor Adams made a stirring speech followed by a few patriotic words from Grand Master Revere.

Under the cornerstone was placed a silver plate, engraved most probably by Paul Revere, with the following inscription:

This Corner Stone of a Building, intended for the use of the Legislative and Executive branches of the Government of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was laid by His Excellency, Samuel Adams, Esq., Governor of said Commonwealth, Assisted by the Most Worshipful Paul Revere, Grand Master, and the Right Worshipful William Scollay, Deputy Grand Master, The Grand Wardens and Brethren of the Grand Lodges of Masons on the Fourth Day of July An. Dom. 1795. A.L. 5795 Being the XXth Anniversary of American Independence.

Then the Governor was escorted to the Council Chamber amid great enthusiasm.

When George Washington died his brother Masons of Massachusetts appointed a committee con-

sisting of "R. W. [Right Worshipful] Brothers John Warren, Paul Revere and Josiah Bartlett, Past Grand Masters," to write a letter of condolence to Mrs. Washington. In this letter they made the following request:

"To their expressions of sympathy on this solemn dispensation, the Grand Lodge have subjoined an order that a Golden Urn be prepared as a deposit for a lock of hair, an invaluable relique of the Hero and the Patriot whom their wishes would immortalize and that it be preserved with the jewels and regalia of the Society.

"Should this favor be granted, Madam, it will be cherished as the most precious jewel in the cabinet of the Lodge, as the memory of his virtues will forever be in the hearts of its members.

"We have the honor to be, with the highest respect, your most obedient servants,

"JOHN WARREN.
"PAUL REVERE.
"JOSIAH BARTLET.

"Mrs. Martha Washington."

This request was graciously granted and Paul Revere made the golden urn, three and seven-eighths inches high. It stands on a wooden pedestal which

has a door with lock and key, making a safe and convenient resting place for the urn when it is not screwed on the top. On the urn is this inscription:

THIS URN INCLOSES A LOCK OF HAIR OF THE IMMORTAL WASHINGTON, PRESENTED JANUARY 27, 1800, TO THE MASSACHUSETTS GRAND LODGE BY HIS AMIABLE WIDOW. BORN FEB. 11, 1732. OB'T. DECR. 14, 1799.

By this we see that the calendar must have altered somewhat, since we celebrate Washington's birthday on February 22.

The top of this little urn unfastens and the lock of hair is coiled under a glass. This relic is the special care of each Grand Master of the Lodge, passing from him to his successor, and has never gone out of their keeping.

To honor the great dead there were funeral processions in all the large towns and the one in Boston was under the auspices of the Masons; the big white marble urn used on this occasion bore this inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF BROTHER GEORGE WASHINGTON, RAISED TO THE ALL PERFECT LODGE DEC. 14, 1799 — RIPE IN YEARS AND FULL OF GLORY.

For years Paul Revere had charge of this urn, for from the very beginning he had worshiped from afar this hero of our nation. That he could not be closer to his person, in those days when they were fighting for freedom, was one of his lifelong regrets.

XIII

A RIPE OLD AGE

XIII

A RIPE OLD AGE

WHEN we think of Paul Revere it is never as an old man, for the years fell upon him so imperceptibly that the passing of them was hard to realize. The city of Boston in its sturdy upward growth was always launching new enterprises and as long as the old patriot was able to take an active interest in its progress, we find his name and can usually trace his influence.

When he was seventy-one, he acted as foreman of the jury which acquitted Thomas O. Selfridge of the charge of murder. The case was a very sensational one; and was the result of the first political scrimmage in Boston. There were already two parties of voters, the Federalists and the Republicans, and on July 4, 1806, the rival factions held separate celebrations; the Federalists crowded into Faneuil Hall and the Republicans erected a tent on

Copp's Hill. A certain oriental Ambassador happening to be in town was invited to the festivities on Copp's Hill. His gaudy appearance and his train of attendants drew a big crowd around the tent inclosure, which gave way, and the uninvited guests poured in, nearly crazing the caterer they had hired for the occasion who now had a multitude to feed. He naturally presented a large bill to Benjamin Austin, President of the Republican Party, and as he had trouble in collecting it he employed Thomas O. Selfridge to sue the members of the committee in charge of the entertainment. Selfridge was a lawyer of good standing, but Austin, the Republican leader, made such offensive remarks about him that Selfridge demanded and obtained an apology.

The angry lawyer was not appeased. A hot newspaper fight ensued where the contending parties called each other names and Boston was in a " fever of excitement."

Finally, Charles Austin, son of the leader, a Harvard student, young and headstrong, having read an insulting paragraph about his father, armed himself with a hickory cane and waited for Selfridge to

come out of his office. As they met, the young man raised his stick and brought it down heavily on the lawyer's head. At the same moment Selfridge fired a pistol and the shot was fatal. Selfridge was arrested and after a most dramatic trial was acquitted on the plea of self-defense.

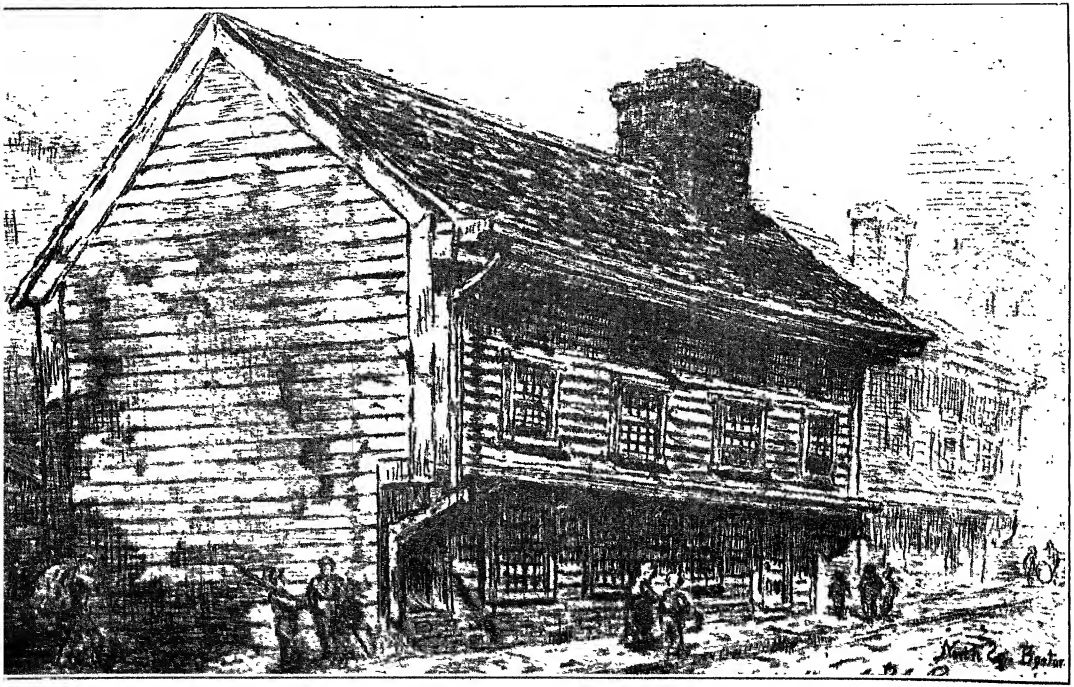
From this time on we hear very little of Paul Revere in public life. He attended to his various business interests and took great delight in beautifying his home on Charter Street.

For one who had led such a restless and active life, Revere had seldom changed his residence. For many years he had lived in the house on North Square, where many of his children were born. His trade as gold- and silversmith had been carried on in the shop on the ground floor, while his growing family occupied the two stories above. He bought the property in 1770, and it was already nearly a century old at the time he moved into it. The early New Englanders did not think much of ornamenting their houses. This was a square structure with no pretentions of beauty, but the fact that it is still standing though well on in its third century proves beyond a doubt that the old-time house

builders could give a few dots to the modern workmen regarding beams and flooring. It seems a pity that the old place has not been treasured as a landmark; instead, it is the center of a foreign population and Charles Ferris Gettemy has aptly called it "the most historic slum tenement in America."

It was there that the most momentous years of the patriot's life were spent and it should have been made a sort of museum, devoted to the numerable relics connected with him and his work; but in America the hand of progress is ruthless. Years ago Hancock's beautiful old mansion was pulled down in spite of indignant protests, and every day we hear of similar cases in other cities.

Paul Revere lived in the North Square house until 1788. Then he moved into the house on Charter Street, which he finally bought. It is described as "a three-story brick mansion with a garden enclosure and an iron fence of swinging chains. In the rear of the house was a spacious yard, where the bells were brought from the Revere foundry in the early days of that establishment, for testing." This house, too, fell in 1843 in the march of progress,



though the oldest inhabitants can still remember how it looked and where it stood.

For over a quarter of a century this was the Revere homestead, and many associations clustered about it. Only six of his children were alive at this time, and Paul, Jr., his eldest son, died in 1813. This was a great shadow on the closing years of Paul Revere, but death had entered the fold so many times that he had learned no longer to dread its summons. His work was well done; he was simply waiting in the evening of his life for his own call. Then suddenly, out of the clear peaceful sky, came another call which awoke the memories of his youth and stirred his blood.

The War of 1812 had been waging on the high seas for nearly two years. In 1814, however, came news that Boston was threatened with a British invasion. The enthusiasm of the people rose at once and when it was proposed to erect fortifications on Noddle's Island, one hundred and fifty of the North End mechanics signed the following paper:

"Boston, Sept. 8, 1814. The subscribers, Mechanics of the Town of Boston, to evince our readiness to co-operate by manual labor in measures for

the Defence of the Town and Naval Arsenal, do hereby tender our Services to His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, to be directed in such manner as he shall consider at this eventful crisis most conducive to the Public Good."

Revere's name headed the pledge which it is generally believed that he drew up. Many of the signers made good their word and assisted in the building of the fort, which they called Fort Strong after the Governor. Many boys from public and private schools were excused from their classes to assist in the work, and Messrs. P. Revere & Son received from John Cheverus, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston, " thanks for having permitted the men in their employ to work yesterday with him at the fortifications, and for generously allowing them their usual wages as if they had been working for him."

In 1815, Paul Revere lost his second wife. This was a hard blow for such an old man, who had left now only the memory of forty-two long and happy years; and she had not only been a faithful helpmate but a good mother and stepmother.

There is little written of this Revolutionary

dame, the contemporary of Dorothy Hancock and Abigail Adams. She had scant time to set down in words the daily happenings of her overflowing household, but we have the copy of an exquisite portrait medallion on porcelian painted by John Singleton Copley, which shows her as she must have looked in the early days of the new republic. It is strange that, fond as he was of making engravings from Copley's portraits, her husband did not try to reproduce this picture for Mrs. Revere, while not beautiful, was a very striking-looking woman. Her death left Paul Revere very lonely; he missed her sorely for he had never been used to the little gallantries practiced by the men of his time and there is no record of acquaintance with any women outside of his own family.

He had now come to the very edge of life; he could look back with much pride and fewer regrets than most men, was hale and hearty, and in spite of his eighty-odd years a boy still in heart and soul; every boy in Boston knew and loved this valiant old patriot.

In these closing years his son, Joseph Warren, became his business manager, but no detail of his

largely growing interests ever escaped his notice. His love centered in his home, his children, and the fast-growing city of Boston, for he could remember the Boston of long ago — the primitive village with no sidewalks, the frame houses plain and puritanical, the meeting-houses where a bell summoned the people to service, the wooden piers roughly built for the shelter of such poor craft as the colonists could muster — and had seen the gradual awakening. He had helped, in short, to build the town, and the imposing Boston in which he lived to the end, seemed to be the realization of his dreams. Little could he imagine the rapid strides which progress would make. Electricity was but a name even to this skilled artisan; use of steam for travel was too modern an innovation to be quite in common service and manual labor was the lot of the industrious workmen; labor-saving machinery was still a long way off.

Yet Paul Revere and his associates "builded better than they knew," for their cities were founded upon the rock of independence. They fought for liberty that their children and grandchildren might reap the harvest. Paul Revere, like many others

who have only their memories to keep them company in their old age, was fond of recalling the varied incidents of his career. He was particularly proud of his Huguenot origin which lent to the Puritan side of him a touch of color. The Huguenots had the same religious fervor and devotion to duty as the Puritans, but they clad their duty in gayer garb, added to which there was an air of breeding and refinement about them which the other colonists could not always show. "It is not surprising therefore," we are told, "that they were everywhere welcomed into the best classes of the settlement and that they left everywhere a reputation of which their descendants have a good reason to be proud."

Another writer says: "They were almost without exception, persons of superior social standing and good education yet accustomed by reverses to labor."

The Rivoire family had been driven from France by religious persecution yet the older Rivoire had been much put out because his son Paul chose to worship where he pleased.

In later life he was a member of the New Brick Church and there, said one of the worshipers,

"I used to see him as regularly as the Sabbath came."

No disease marked his declining years — his active outdoor life as a younger man had given him a hardy constitution. The only recorded illness was the result of a severe accident. He was thrown from his chaise in the spring of 1800, and dislocated his right shoulder, from which he suffered much pain.

As there is no record of a last illness, we can imagine, as Dickens so beautifully expresses it, that "he went out with the tide," dying with those he cared for around him and with the peace of God in his heart.

XIV

A MEMORY

XIV

A MEMORY

BOSTON woke up one morning to find one of its landmarks gone. Paul Revere was dead. He was one of those men of strong vitality who make their presence felt and their absence mourned, and Boston truly mourned, for this dead son of hers had been highly esteemed and honored during his long and useful life. Much was written and said of him, but as he had outlived most of his contemporaries his work and adventures were recalled by a younger generation who could remember the deeds but not the events which called them forth. He had always been so staunch and true in his principles that he could count his friends among the rich and the poor, and so great was his power among his friends and neighbors that it was asserted that no one in his section of the town influenced more votes than he did.

Paul Revere had a large family, which was in

some sort an inheritance, as he himself was one of a dozen children. The family tree of the Rivoires received its good stout Puritan branch through his mother, Deborah Hitchborn; through his own first marriage with Sarah Orne, he added yet another branch; from this branch sprouted forth eight little twigs, to keep up the tree idea; in other words, there were eight children by this marriage registered in the Revere family Bible. By his second wife he had also a family of eight children.

He was survived by five children, only — Mary, the child of his first wife, and four by his second wife, Joseph Warren, Harriet, Maria and John. All married but Joseph Warren who remained single until after the death of his father, and "to him it was given by his enterprise and care to relieve his parents of all worldly anxiety in their declining years; and he remained a blessing in their household as long as they lived. In 1821 he married Mary Robbins, and had a large family of children. Two of their sons, Paul Joseph Revere, Colonel, and Edward Hutchinson Robbins Revere, Surgeon of the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment, were killed

during the Civil War; the one at Gettysburg, the other at Antietam.

Paul Revere's string of grandchildren was even more imposing. There were twenty-three living at the time of his death and Joseph Warren added several more to the list of decendants. His daughters married into the Lincoln and Balestier families, so the Revere pedigree as it stands to-day, has some blue *Mayflower* blood mingling with the Huguenot strain.

Truly a man's worth counts in the end; had Paul Revere been an ordinary mechanic or even an ordinary man, his services to his country would have been rewarded by some small pension and a word of praise from some one higher up and then lost in oblivion, but even among his fellow workmen his superior qualities were recognized. He was born to plan, to contrive, and to lead, and the weight of his influence was felt for many a long year after his death. He was unswerving in his loyalty to his country and in the one instance where his honor was in question he came through unscathed and his naturally sweet temper harbored no bitterness. His name has been honored in many ways. The

town of North Chelsea, Massachusetts, which was incorporated in 1848, in 1871 changed its name by order of the General Court of Massachusetts to Revere.

A Masonic Lodge is named after him, and his name has been used by various manufacturing companies of high standing.

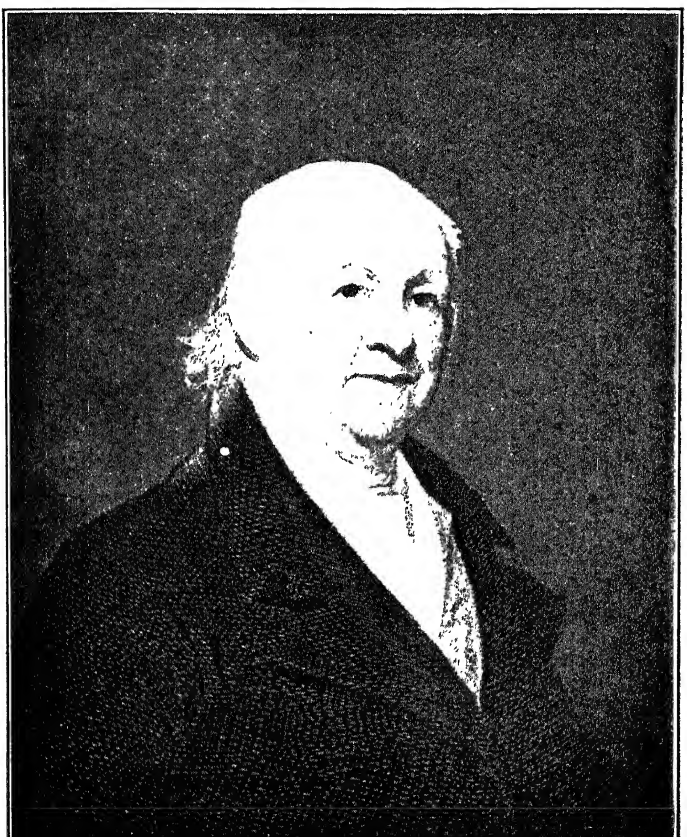
Yet for all that, as the years passed the name and fame of Paul Revere grew dim as seen through the cobwebs of time. Little by little the personal side of the man was lost. People of Boston gradually forgot the power he was among them, and doubtless had they been questioned would have answered, "Oh, it was he who rode to Lexington to warn the patriots that the British were coming —" and brushed him aside as of no more importance. But it was given to one inspired man to sing his praises. From the moment Longfellow wrote his poem, interest in the long-dead patriot revived. The story of the ride read like a romance, and fired the imagination of young and old. In the schools "Paul Revere's Ride" became a standard of spirited reading — and two or three slips in accuracy, which the poet made in his effort to present the dramatic side

called forth earnest students armed to the teeth with historical facts to trip him up. But our poet only smiled; he was using his poet's license in a good cause; lagging interest had been revived, records were searched and relics were resurrected — forgotten incidents of that long and well-spent life were brought to light and revived in newspapers or magazines — and Paul Revere stepped forth into his place among the immortals. Longfellow's poem was the bugle call which roused the people of Boston to a sense of their duty to their dead hero, and at last the city boasts of a statue of the patriot — on horseback, as we love to think of him, the pawing steed reined up as if the messenger had stopped a moment in his headlong gallop "to spread the alarm." The sculptor, Cyrus E. Dallin, has given us a spirited group and Boston honors herself in thus fitly honoring the memory of one of her noblest sons. It is good to think, also, that the idea originated among those people in whose welfare Paul Revere took so much interest, the representatives of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, the militia, and Masonic bodies, from among whom a committee was appointed to raise

the money; so it stands to-day as a public tribute of gratitude for his lifelong service.

It seems strange that there exists no portrait of Paul Revere in his boyhood and early youth. We can only picture to ourselves the sturdy youngster with his square jaw, dark hair, and keen bright eyes; but we must remember at the same time that his boyhood was spent as his father's apprentice and he was nearly thirty years old before he came into prominence and quite forty when he took the famous ride.

John Singleton Copley who was a friend of the family painted a portrait of him, said by those who have been fortunate enough to see it to be the most characteristic of any of his pictures. It shows him in the prime of manhood sitting at his work-table surrounded by tools of every description. In his left hand he holds a silver tea-pot; his right hand is supporting his chin. He is in his shirt sleeves and wears a blue waistcoat — every inch of him the master workman proud of his trade. There are only two other original portraits of Revere, one by Gilbert Stuart which represents him in his old age, and a crayon portrait by a celebrated French artist,



The Gilbert Stuart Portrait of Paul Revere.

Fevret de St. Mémin, who came to America and traveled from state to state taking portraits of well-known people.

Gilbert Stuart in his portrait has given us a courtly old gentleman; there is none of the stoop of age about his well-poised head, and his snowy hair never thinned to baldness. Most of his contemporaries were forced early in life to wear wigs — not so Paul Revere — even when powdered wigs were the fashion he wore his own hair tied with a ribbon. His mouth had lost somewhat of its sternness, but the dark expressive eyes had never grown old. He looked like a man whose sagacity and courage the weight of years could never dim.

St. Mémin's portraits were usually profiles and the gifted artist had a way of reducing these crayons to medallion size and engraving them on copper. There were two medallions of the original crayon of Paul Revere, one owned by Wm. C. Lincoln of Hingham, Mass., a great-grandson, while the other belongs to the Bostonian Society. Two other great-grandchildren — the Misses Riddle, also of Hingham — inherited the original crayon, which gives one an excellent idea of what Paul Revere looked

like in his vigorous middle age. There is the firm mouth, the square chin, the bright piercing eye, even the suspicion of a smile hovering upon his lips; a look of reserve strength upon the face — a look we could imagine he wore in the old days when he carried secret messages for the Committee of Safety.

All the other pictures which are familiar to us — the Crossing of the Charles River, the Midnight Ride, the Arrival of Paul Revere at Lexington, are rather illustrations of the events than portraits of the hero, but they satisfy our imagination and tell the story of the stirring times in which he lived.

Paul Revere died a rich man — that is, rich as wealth was counted in his day. His son and executor, John Revere, valued his estate at $31,000, and in his last will and testament he made a fair distribution of his worldly goods among his children and grandchildren, disinheriting only one member of his entire family, Francis Lincoln, the son of his daughter Deborah for good and sufficient reason, we may be sure, though as usual Revere was reticent about his family affairs. Those events which belonged to history and the public welfare he discussed freely

enough, but his family affairs never slipped out of the family circle — so no comment was made when young Francis Lincoln "eldest son of my late daughter Deborah" was cut off with one dollar.

The closing of Paul Revere's life folded down the last leaf in the history of Revolutionary Boston. The new Boston soon became the center of American letters and art. The old Revolutionary stock brought forth poets and preachers and philosophers who made a great stir in the world of thought. The Reveres took their places in the best circles where by right of birth, integrity, and enterprise they belonged. Joseph Warren lived to the advanced age of ninety-two years and died at the Revere summer residence at Canton, Massachusetts. Like his father he had filled many offices of public trust in Boston, his kindly nature and old-fashioned virtues had won him love and respect; he was in very truth "a gentleman of the old school." John Revere, the youngest of Paul Revere's children, was a graduate of Harvard University, and studied medicine under Dr. James Jackson. He married Lydia Le Baron Goodwin, and as a physician lived for some time

at No. 20 Hanover Street. Then he was made Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine in New York University, and became eminent in his position which he held until his death in 1847. It was his son, Gen. Joseph Warren Revere of the Union army, who while traveling in Europe in 1875 found himself in the home of the ancient Rivoires in the neighborhood of the city of Vienne in the old province of Dauphine. The ruins of one of the old châteaux belonging to the Rivoires was still standing on Mont Rivoire in Romagnieu, a short distance from Vienne. So the seed of Paul Revere grew and multiplied until at the present time it would be quite an undertaking to add all the new branches to the family tree.

In spite of the march of progress in Boston Town there are some landmarks that defy the touch of time. In the old Granary Burial Ground lies all that remains of Paul Revere, beneath a very modest monument; there is a small slate gravestone marked "Revere's Tomb" and on the monument — a simple shaft — is the following inscription:

PAUL REVERE BORN IN BOSTON JANUARY 1735.
DIED MAY 1818.

He has slept for nearly a century in good company, as the bronze tablets on the entrance gates bear testimony. In the old cemetery consecrated in 1660 are buried the victims of the Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770, the parents of Benjamin Franklin, Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and John Phillips, first Mayor of Boston. In another part of the ground lie John Hancock, Samuel Adams, and Robert Treat Paine, signers of the Declaration of Independence, while on the tablet is a long list of other noted men famous in Massachusetts history.

They lived in stirring times — those men who sleep there — and those who visit the spot must feel in their own breasts the thrill of patriotism those names invoke.

Paul Revere! We hear the hoofbeats of the flying steed and find ourselves repeating Longfellow's closing lines

> So through the night rode Paul Revere;
> And so through the night went his cry of alarm
> To every Middlesex village and farm,—
> A cry of defiance and not of fear,
> A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
> And a word that shall echo forever more!
> For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,

Through all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.